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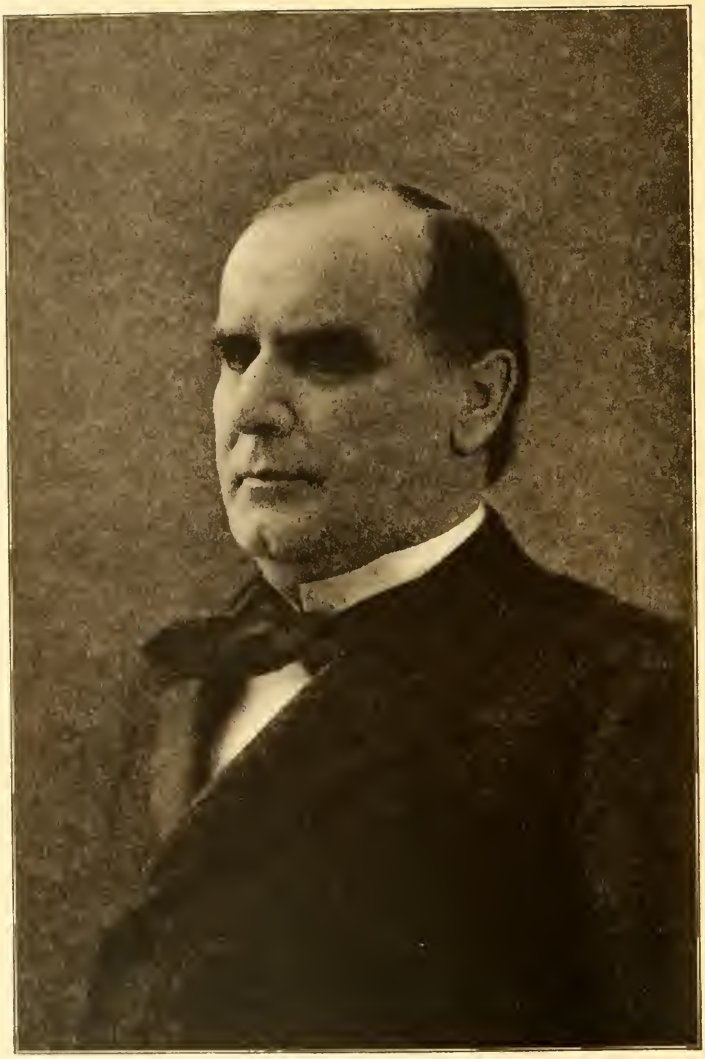

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Columbus, Ohio.

WILLIAM McKINLEY.

McKinley Memorial Addresses

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Delivered at the Annual McKinley Day Banquet of

The Tippecanoe Club, Cleveland, Ohio.

Commemorative of the Birth of

William McKinley

\+ + +

Together with Notable Addresses, Commemorative of the Life and Services

of

THE MARTYRED PRESIDENT,

Delivered on Other Occasions,

\+ + +

Including the Proceedings of the Legislature of New York following the Death of McKinley.

\+ + +

Published by
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INTRODUCTION

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It is the pride and boast of America that the humblest boy, whose eyes first see the light in poverty and obscurity, may rise to the most exalted position in the land. It is the pride and boast of America that the humblest do rise to become first in power and first in the affections of the people.

It is singularly true that of the three Presidents, whose names are enrolled on the immortal tablet of martyrdom, all were born poor and obscure with no more possibilities before them than those that confront every boy, that, today, looks upward to the shining sun or the blue sky above him.

Abraham Lincoln, the son of "one of the most shiftless of the poor whites of Kentucky," climbed to his straw bed in their log cabin hut, took off his homespun, dyed with walnut bark, after a day's hard work and a supper of corn cake, unknown and pitifully poor. He had split rails which he exchanged for the cloth for a pair of trousers at the rate of four hundred rails per yard. He became the great ruler of a great nation in a great crisis. By a stroke of his pen slavery was abolished and the black man made free. Under his leadership the nations saw human freedom established as a world principle. Under his leadership, the nation, founded by Washington was preserved, and the Union—one and inseparable—cemented forever. His name is today one of the most illustrious that shine on the pages of history.

James A. Garfield, who barefoot drove the mules along the tow path of the Ohio canal, born in the one-room log house in Orange township, was also poor.

The lessons of his life are a rich national legacy. From the tow-path to the White House—what an object lesson for all who would aspire. The pathos of his death and the greatness of his life shine forth in undiminished luster as the years advance.

William McKinley, like Lincoln and Garfield, rose from obscurity and humble surroundings to preside over the destinies of a great nation. Like Lincoln he was an epoch making president, like Garfield, he was a soldier, a statesman and an orator. His charm of manner and consideration for others made him popular with all he met. His enemies were only those that were such from envy or malice. He had few. He never hesitated to uphold the principles that he believed were for the upbuilding of the Nation. When, temporarily, those principles were repudiated by the people, he calmly, prophetically as time demonstrated, held that they would ultimately triumph, and they did. When war came his wisdom and true diplomacy were manifest. He was a true leader and a wise counselor.

Of the three martyred presidents, McKinley was particularly identified with the history of the Tippecanoe Club. The Club has never failed to observe appropriately the anniversary of his birth—McKinley Day.

So rich and varied have been the addresses on these occasions, that their publication in book form, together with other notable memorial addresses on McKinley, has been undertaken.

W. R. COATES,
President, Tippecanoe Club.

WILLIAM McKINLEY

✝ ✝ ✝

Born January 29, 1843

Died September 14, 1901.

✝ ✝ ✝

McKINLEY DAY IN 1904

Observance of McKinley Day, at first confined to regular meetings of the Tippecanoe Club, was celebrated on January 29th, 1904, by a banquet at The Hollenden.

The speakers on this occasion were Hon. Paul Howland, Lieut. Governor Warren G. Harding, William R. Hopkins, Hon. John J. Sullivan, Edward M. Baker, William E. Patterson, and Francis W. Cushman, Congressman from the state of Washington.

At this time, under the direction of Secretary I. E. Seiple, the beautiful and impressive service of saluting the flag, followed by a silent toast to the President of the United States, was first carried out.

Toastmaster, Harvey D. Goulder, introduced the speakers and in introducing Mr. Cushman referred to him as "The Abraham Lincoln of the Northwest."

It is a matter of regret that the address of Mr. Cushman is not obtainable.

We insert however a couple of selections from the addresses taken from the files of The Cleveland Plain Dealer in its report of the banquet.

HON. FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN:

"Patriotic, proud old Ohio, always ready to meet every crisis! I bare my head to men like Garfield and McKinley. They drew from their environment and their glory is reflected in every patriotic son and daughter of the old State.

The administration of President McKinley was not an accident, it was a conspicuous administration,

suited to the exigencies of the occasion and replete with far-sighted statesmanship. He was a man of great character and simple faith. 'God's will be done' was a characteristic utterance of the man.

Let us say as he said: 'God's will be done'."

LIEUT. GOVERNOR WARREN G. HARDING:

"One of the greatest of the names that mark our political annals is that of William McKinley.

He unsheathed the sword in behalf of humanity and in time of peace he turned the prow of the Ship of State into the Sea of Destiny and it led to a new era in American nationality."

McKINLEY AS PRESIDENT

HON. RALPH D. COLE,
Findlay, Ohio.

This address was delivered on January 30th, 1905, at the annual banquet of The Tippecanoe Club, held in the Assembly Rooms of the Club, Masonic Temple.

Among the speakers were Judge Robert W. Tayler, Governor Myron T. Herrick, Hon. John J. Sullivan and Hyman D. Davis.

Toastmaster, James H. Hoyt, introduced the speaker.

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The history of civilization has produced no grander type of manhood than has risen from the Western Reserve of Ohio. You are renowned for illustrious names. You cherish with pardonable pride the memory of great governors, great senators and you are making a specialty of great presidents. To be born in the Western Reserve is to be a presidential possibility.

The northwestern section of Ohio is yet young. We can boast of no governors, senators and presidents, but we have all the elements of material wealth and possess a substantial and unsullied citizenship. Before the circle of another century is complete, we hope to stand by your side, kindred in greatness as well as in wealth. Our section is unfolding with the gentleness yet splendor of the sunrise, and there civilization's brightest sunbeams are destined to fall.

But for the present we yield the palm to the Western Reserve. When I contemplate a citizenship inspired by the purest patriotism, character in its full orbed perfection and manhood in its majesty, I instinctively turn to that quadrant of the horizon, re-

splendent with the fame of Garfield and Giddings, Whittelsey and Wade, Rutherford B. Hayes and those two other illustrious sons of Ohio whose lives have been so intertwined that their memory shall live intermingled and immortal in history, Marcus A. Hanna and William McKinley.

William McKinley has many claims to the veneration of his countrymen, but his record as president has magnified his name among American Immortals.

When he was nominated for the presidency, the gloom of Democracy overhung the nation. The multitudinous misfortunes of Democracy aggregated a stupendous disaster. The people appealed to the apostle of protection for relief. He answered: "Open the mills." Bryan said: "Open the mints." McKinley knew that wealth was not the creation of legislative decree, but the product of the gratuity of nature combined with the strength and skill of the muscle and mind of man. Democracy said: "More money will make more business." They confused cause and effect. Money don't make business. Business makes money. The people ratified the principles of the Republican party and commissioned McKinley to redeem the pledges of the platform. A special session of congress was called. The gold standard was "irrevocably established;" the Dingley bill was enacted into law; industry revived as if by magic; money sufficient for all the demands of trade flooded the channels of commerce; prosperity emptied the horn of plenty into the lap of poverty, and the nation awoke to a period of unparalleled progress.

With what pride and gratification he must have contemplated the full fruition of his life's labors! "With what fervor of devotion he must have thanked

Almighty God for the extraordinary circumstances of his life!" While holding the highest of earthly honors, eighty millions of his countrymen were reaping the rich rewards of his beneficent policy. To what other American has it been given to behold the great work of his congressional career crowned with effective administration, while he himself occupied the chair of chief executive.

Prosperity re-established at home, he was called to the broader fields of foreign policy and was destined to achieve international renown. The ancient doctrine of holding aloof from Old World strife, which comes down to us with the sanctity and weight of the wisdom of Washington, was to pass away with the sunset of the old century. New problems were to be solved; new relations to be established. We served notice of ejectment upon a European monarch from an American possession. It was done not for any selfish purpose, but in the name of and for *humanity*.

The story of Spanish oppression had aroused the patriotic spirit of the American people. The clamor for vengeance arose like the mutterings of distant thunder. It grew in volume and intensity until the whole nation trembled as on the eve of action. It swayed the press of the country; the pulpit swelled the chorus and even congress, like a rudderless vessel on an angry sea, was tempest tossed on the billows of passion. "Let us have war," the nation demanded. But we were not prepared for war and McKinley knew it. Deserted and denounced by friends, maligned by enemies, motives misjudged by a misguided public, he stood almost alone and stemmed the tide until the army and navy were ready for the conflict. Then like a Hercules he let loose the thunderbolts of

war and in one hundred days Cuba was free and Spain possessionless in the Pacific.

They charged, during the campaign, that he was without courage; that continued obeisance to the money power had sapped the strength from his moral nature. But the high tribunal of history, reflecting the common judgment of his countrymen, has reversed that opinion. The annals of the past present few more heroic figures than McKinley, heedless of public indignation, immovably centered in his lofty purposes, as he stayed the billows of battle between the destruction of the Maine and the declaration of war.

The results of the war were twofold. It solidified the Republic. It re-cemented the bonds of the American Union. It made us the greatest of world powers. It gave us a position of pre-eminence among the nations of the earth. A re-united nation—a world power —is the gift of William McKinley to the American people.

Events subsequent to the Spanish-American war have made it evident that we are henceforth to perform a leading part in the world's work. We cannot escape this responsibility. Destiny has so decreed and it is ours to obey. We are Americans. We face duty with fearless hearts and look to the future with full faith in our power to achieve. Our flag floats on every sea and is honored by every nation. The prestige gained abroad during that war enabled us to prevent the dismemberment of China. It secured the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty and gave the United States full and exclusive right to construct, own and operate an inter-oceanic canal. The old world now waits on the Republic to usher in the reign of universal peace.

McKinley's policy of expansion was denounced as "imperialism." Demagogues saw in him a semblance to Napoleon. In their impassioned moments they portrayed a coronation ceremony in which he crowned himself king. But his was not the despotic doctrine of imperialism, but the Democratic doctrine of expansion. Expansion has been the law of our national development. He who denounces the policy of William McKinley challenges the patriotism of Thomas Jefferson. The inhabitants of our Pacific possessions must first share the blessings of Christian civilization and we can safely intrust their final disposition to the generation that shall witness this achievement. We gave Cuba grateful, generous, magnanimous welcome into the sisterhood of nations, and in due course of time, we shall see the isles of the seas which girdle the earth transformed into young Republics by the magical touch of American power.

The destruction of sectional spirit is perhaps the greatest service he has rendered his country. He strove with all the strength of heart and mind to heal the wounds of war. His was the high honor of reuniting North and South, of bridging the broad chasm of sectionalism. By his character and statesmanship, by the magnetism of his words, the genius of his intellect and the commanding power of his impressive personality, he won the hearts of the South and she loved him as truly as if he had sprung from her loins.

Mark but a few years ago his majestic entrance into Dixie, surpassing in real magnificence Cæsar's triumphant return to the city of Rome. That wealth of welcome accorded him is unmistakable evidence of unfeigned devotion to the federal government. As if to honor a home-coming, conquering hero, battle scarred

veterans of the Confederacy rose up to greet his coming. From the Potomac to the Southern Sea, his course was thronged with millions of his admiring countrymen, envious all to do him honor, none to do him harm. And when that fiend incarnate, inspired with anarchistic hate laid him low, exécrations dire against the abominable deed and sorrow's sweet incense, like Gilead's balm, to comfort the bereaved ascended alike from all sections.

Let not this impressive lesson of his sublime life be lost upon the generations that shall follow. The intense bitterness of sectional animosity is gone, and forever. Patriotism, as broad as the limits of the Republic, as holy as the memory of our martyrs, inspires the American people. We have lived to see the destruction of sectional spirit and the star spangled banner the theme of universal song; to hear the welcome tidings of the South Lands redeeming loyalty mingling in harmony with Webster's chorus of "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

The superficial cannot survive the centuries. The seal of time's approval seldom stamps the unworthy. False standards may exalt the fictitious for a time, but the memory of mankind was made for merit. Sincere the life, secure the fame of this noble man in the affections of his countrymen. When the fleeting events of the present century dwindle to a mere speck behind the hilltops of time, renowned with Washington and Lincoln shall tower the majestic form of William McKinley.

Courtesy of Edw. E. Wilson,
Author—"It is God's Way."

McKINLEY'S BIRTHPLACE,
NILES, OHIO.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY

CASPAR WISTAR HIATT, D. D.

This address was delivered at the McKinley Day Banquet of the Tippecanoe Club held in the Assembly Rooms of the Club, January 29th, 1906.

Attorney General Wade Ellis, J. Adam Bede, Congressman from Minnesota, Carmi A. Thompson and W. S. FitzGerald were among the speakers.

Toastmaster, Homer H. McKeehan, introduced the speaker.

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I bring to you a name which in the closing days of the nineteenth century at once epitomized and glorified the history of our land. It is a name suggestive of the plume and plaid, the gentleness and valor of the Highland Clans. A name tinted with the heather and ribbed with the strength of Scotland's hills. A name touched with the solemn piety of John Knox, the tender melodies of Burns, the pictured chivalry of Walter Scott. A name resounding with the clash of claymore and the strains of pibroch and the patriotic shouts of Robert Bruce and Rhoderic Dhu. A name transplanting all the sterling virtues of the Gaelic thistle into the hospitable climate of the Stars and Stripes. A name like that of Washington and Lincoln, a chronicle of a crucial time when the nation met a crisis and the crisis raised a man, efficient, sufficient for its mastery—McKINLEY.

Passing by the biographic chapter, so full of interest, that story of development which all the world has learned by heart, we look upon him standing at the top of his career, the man at Washington holding the fate of the republic in his hands.

We are not particular what we call ourselves tonight, Buckeyes, Republicans, Americans, . Anglo-Saxons, citizens of the world at large, or even Democrats, we all agree to his abundant eulogy. Ohio may cherish his cradle and his sepulchre as shrines where each new generation may become inspired. The Republican party may inscribe his record on its scroll of deathless history, as the consistent and courageous exposition of its principles, but in the larger area of all America and all Christendom, one thought eclipses every other—the memory of McKinley, the President —who by the greatness of his personality preserved for all mankind, a faith in the enduring fortunes of democratic liberty. And this I think will be his fame in history.

We honor him for what he thought and what he was and what he did.

And first we remember what he thought. He was a man without political credulity but not without a creed. His creed was not a slated set of principles prepared by other hands, but truths which he had witnessed in the progress of events and tested for himself upon the fields of life. Life was for him a school, shifting continually but never breaking up. And so it came to pass that the boy of the Western Reserve, the private in the ranks of blue, the lawyer, the legislator, the governor, the president, was always learning things which were worthy of a resolute belief.

He believed that democracy is a larger word than democrat, republic a larger word than republican. that the People is always greater than the party, whatever be its name.

He believed that the American people held their financial honor to be as sacred as their flag.

He believed that the government should honor all its obligations, and keep out of debt, paying as it goes.

He believed in the protection of industry as the surest prop of the public treasury, and the guarantee of smiling enterprise across the land.

He believed in using revenues for expenses and to liquidate the public debt and also to provide an ample pension for the veteran defenders of our flag.

He believed in merit as the unalterable requisite of civil service, and that this should be acknowledged whatever party happened to control affairs.

He believed that equality of rights should be maintained and our laws be always and everywhere respected and obeyed.

He believed that trusts which arbitrarily ruled the world of trade, should be regarded as oppressors and should be visited with all the rigor of the legislative arm.

He believed that there should be no immunity for the violator of the law, be it individual, corporation or community.

He believed in the protection of every citizen, from the humblest black man in the South to the most distant missionary threatened by the Boxer mobs of inland China.

He believed that a short day is better than a short dollar for the workingman.

He believed that the aim of the government should be internal happiness and the relation of external friendship with every nation in the world.

He believed that war should never be entered upon until every agency of peace had failed.

He believed that war for territory is wholly inexcusable, but that a war for humanity is ever honor-

able, and that when territory comes as the result of such a war, this brings responsibility—a trust from which the man of duty will not shrink.

He believed that the United States has never struck a blow except for civilization, and has never struck its colors.

He believed that the foundation of the republic is liberty; its superstructure peace.

He believed that patriotism should be faithful as well as fervent; statesmanship wise as well as fearless.

He believed that duty is not always easy, but always sure and safe and honorable, and that with nations, as with individuals, "Duty determines destiny."

And because he believed these things and a hundred more I cannot mention here, he believed in the organization which had fixed these principles upon its shield, with the pen of Lincoln and the sword of Grant. He believed in the Republican party.

And tonight we think of what he was.

I do not speak of that personal character so deep and pure, but of those qualities revealed in public life. And earliest among these qualities was his sanity. I see him reasoning with patience where most men would have turned away with passion or contempt. I see his modesty, permitting others to think that they were leading him, when, like a shepherd, he was in reality guiding on the flock with rod and staff. I see his ever present dignity. He never degenerated into senseless declamation. His talk was never cheap. His speeches are the best of all that presidents have uttered, excepting only those of Lincoln to which they bore a strong resemblance, with which they were in closest sympathy. I see his fairness to the opposition, despite expostulation on the part of friends. I see his consideration for

his yoke-fellows in the service of the state. McKinley believed in Congress. These men were representative. They were the voice and conscience and judgment of the American people. They were not chosen idly but because of their ability and loyalty. They came from the freedom-loving commonalty. They were the intelligence and heart and strength of patriotism. The choice of the people he did not despise.

He had stood for thirteen years among them and knew that as an average they were unusual men. And so he did not treat his Congresses as children or as knaves. His predecessor had vetoed 343 bills, he vetoed two. He had prerogative and he also had good sense. He might have exercised prerogative and taken Congress by the ears. He preferred to exercise good sense, and took it by the button-hole. And this man of geniality and simplicity and considerateness and sympathy, won his way where others would have failed. Without the surrender of a single flag of principle, he gained his object and received the approbation of the world.

And tonight we think of what he did.

In the darkest hour of national depression he wrought the miracle of material prosperity. When shall we forget the awful days from 1893 to 1897? The crash of banks, the toppling of fortunes, the collapse of trade and industry, filled the heavens with choking dust and covered the earth with wreckage and debris. The face of the sun was hidden by the rising cloud. The streets were emptied of their traffic and grass was growing in the tracks of wheels. Panic stretched a ghastly hand across the fields of promise and discontent sat brooding on every doorstep in the land. Collaterals were of no avail in getting loans. The manufacturer with his counting room full of ur-

gent orders, could find no money to lubricate the axles of his enterprise. Every curbstone was the resort of idle groups trumpeting financial heresy. Armies of ragged men were marching from San Francisco to Washington while self-respecting indolence sat on the fences and cheered them on. The blackest year of all was 1896. New York exchange was at a discount, selling at eight-five. The national treasury was running low, revenue had fallen behind expenses 140 millions in three years. The balance of trade was all against us, and ruin was knocking at our outer gates. Whispers of anarchy were heard on every side and the fears of all good people swung between the thought of revolution on the one hand and dictatorship on the other. Then came the election of 1896. Into this scene of unprecedented confusion there stepped the figure of a man—calm, unmoved, and undismayed. He grasped at once the situation, and like the architect among the fallen pillars of a stately palace, began the work of restoration. He called together the Congress in an extraordinary session and bade them put a stop to the leak in the National Treasury. He bade them make provision for protection of every honest industry. He demanded that the dollar of America should be of such a quality that its ring would be acknowledged genuine in every market of the world. He exhibited to all the nations a leadership of business sagacity. And suddenly there shot across the heavens a phrase we had not heard for years, "Commercial Confidence." Mills and factories again lit up their fires, the trains began to rumble across the continent, the ships to splash across the seas, the army of Coxey went marching to the doors of shops and mines and equipped themselves with the bloodless weaponry of productive and remunerative

toil. Speedily revenues began to fill the treasury, and the balance of trade swung round to a half billion of dollars a year on the credit side of ledger. Capital reopened its strong-box and labor went whistling to its work with well-filled dinner pail. This was the first achievement of McKinley. He touched the financial cemetery and the graves were opened and national prosperity arose from the dead.

The second achievement which he wrought was the redemption of the flag. In 1896 the world was looking on the Stars and Stripes with a measure of derision and contempt. In 1898 there was not a potentate upon the globe but regarded it with awe. The world had said the militarism of the United States had declined under the burden of its civilization. But now there came a disenchantment. The business man from Canton proved to be a soldier from the camps of war and never since Lincoln was there a severer test of captaincy than was given the President by the coming of the Spanish conflict. It found us unprepared. The explosion of February made everybody eager for engagement. But one man tarried. It was the President. "We must wait," he said. "Wait until we discover whether we have a right to go to war. Wait until men shall perceive the justice of our movements. Wait until we are able, moreover, to equip the volunteers we marshal to the front." And not until every step of diplomacy and equity had been taken, not until all was ready, was the signal given. Then suddenly appeared in the doorway of the White House the Major! A sword flashed in the air, and all America stood up with the tri-color of our liberty streaming in the wind. And the world saw a pillar of cloud mingled with fire, rising from the decks of battleships at Manila and Santiago and the

fields of El Caney and San Juan. And when the smoke had cleared away there was not a scoffer left upon the globe, for, on the western horizon, placing with new resplendency our banner among the auroras and the pleiades, GOD'S eternal stars and stripes, stood McKinley. The potential militarism of the United States was demonstrated. The ensign of the republic found a home in both the hemispheres, a flag on which the sun no longer sets.

The third achievement which McKinley wrought was solidarity. He not only made friendship with our little sister Mexico, not only clasped the hand of our big brother in the new confederation of the Anglo-Saxon world, but he also made us strong within our borders. He closed the chasm between the North and the South. We see him in 1898, standing on Dexter street in Montgomery, phrasing the messages of reconciliation. He stood where Jefferson Davis had stood in the sixties to salute and swear allegiance to the Confederate flag. And where again in 1886, Davis with his companions of the lost cause, reaffirmed their old-time principles. Right there stood McKinley in 1898. It was a trying moment. The ex-soldier of the Union, the President of the United States, elected by Republicans, was now to speak to the bitterest contingent relics of the old regime. I hear him and he seems to be a prophet inspired of Heaven. With unflinching manhood he speaks of the old and new. But with such evident sincerity he paints the glorious reconciliation by the mingling of the Northern and the Southern blood in the war with Spain, so glowingly did he recall the equal valor of the sons of Puritans and Cavaliers, that right there where secession had its birth, the new era of a stronger nationalism than we had ever known was ushered in.

On this natal day we cannot forget that other day which tells of saddest tragedy. The soil yet trembles under the tread of the multitude that moved with bowed head in the funeral cortege of our beloved Chief. Our hearts still join the sad rhythm of that "Nearer, my God, to Thee," which had been the song of his life, and was now become the requiem of a people, as he passed out of view into the unbroken stillness, the unrifted shadows of the mystic vale. True, the poignancy of our grief is gone. We do not dare keep fresh the bleeding wound left by fell assassin's stroke. This mighty Republic carries too much of present day responsibility to permit its tarrying in fruitless weeping, even for its sacred, cherished dead. We have asked the sky, full of shining stars, to arch in sweet protective pavilion above our martyred President. We have taught the grasses and the flowers of summer to weave themselves in tapestries and rugs and coverlets of loveliness beyond compare, and even the driving snows of winter to wind themselves in shrouds of spotless whiteness round about him where he lies pillowed on the breast of Motherland. But while we tenderly venerate his ashes, we do more with his glorious memory. We call for the spirit of McKinley, the wise, the humane, the courageous, the modest, the patriotic spirit of McKinley to resurrect itself among us in the leaders, the policies, the achievements which are today and are to be tomorrow. We submitted to the fearful translation of that noble form, master of assemblies, pride of public eye, idol of domestic circle, but we cannot bear the thought of a bereavement so complete as the departure of his moral splendor from our commonwealth. And this is the greatest eulogy that can be paid to any mortal man: that his thought and integrity and motive

cannot be spared from the plenty of the common good. And so tonight, I pledge to you, McKINLEY—the glory of his party, and the pride of all mankind, prophet and priest, apostle and evangelist, sage and seer, redeemer and reformer, soldier and martyr of the commonwealth.

MEMORIES OF McKINLEY

GOVERNOR ANDREW L. HARRIS.

This address was delivered at a banquet held at The Hollenden, January 29th, 1907.

United States Senator William Alden Smith, of Michigan, Freeman T. Eagleson, Speaker Pro Tem Ohio House of Representatives, and Judge Frederick A. Henry were among the speakers.

Ex-Governor Myron T. Herrick, as Toastmaster, introduced the speaker.

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"To live in hearts we leave behind
is not to die."—CAMPBELL.

In referring to "Memories of McKinley," I am reminded that Governor Herrick, the distinguished Toastmaster of the evening, was no doubt as close to the martyred President as any man who still survives him. Governor Herrick was not only a member of his Staff and a delegate at State and National Conventions at which McKinley was nominated, but he was also his adviser and helper in private business and personal matters, as well as in party and public affairs. Herrick's home was McKinley's home in Cleveland, and McKinley's home was Herrick's home in Canton. Later, Herrick was also at home with McKinley in Columbus and Washington.

Ten years ago tonight, McKinley was celebrating his birthday at his old home. It was his last birthday in Canton. He had been a private citizen the previous year and was at that time the President-elect of the United States.

During the five weeks intervening between that birthday and his inauguration, he was constantly in

conferences with those seeking to become Cabinet Ministers, Ambassadors or otherwise listed in the Blue Book. There was then to be a change from a Democratic to a Republican National Administration. That was perhaps the most strenuous birthday of his life. The most difficult questions of party and public policy were, even then, pressing hard upon him. He had often gone from Canton to Washington during the previous 20 years, but he had never made that trip under such circumstances as confronted him on that birthday.

What a career was his in public life for a quarter of a century? From Congressman to Governor, and from Governor to President, he passed up with such brief intervals that he was constantly before the people, from the Hayes campaign of 1876 until his death in 1901.

As you will tonight have an able address on this good and great man and brave soldier from one of our foremost scholars and orators, I will speak only of personal recollections of him as a Christian, husband and companion. Having served as Lieutenant-Governor, when McKinley was for four years Governor, it was my fortune to have toured the state with him in different campaigns, and to have been personally associated with him after his first gubernatorial campaign.

I had known of William McKinley for many years, but met him for the first time at the Republican State Convention, in Columbus, in 1891, when he was nominated for Governor, and I was made his running-mate. He invited me to his room, in the evening after we were nominated, for a consultation, and to get better acquainted. He spoke particularly of the coming campaign and of its management. He expressed the hope

that it would be a contest of principles and not of money, a struggle of reason and not of abuse, and that so far as he was concerned, it should be manly and fair, that he never would consent to compromise himself in the least to get votes; and he did not. No campaign was ever waged, no battle was ever fought with more honor, and no political victory was a greater moral triumph.

The great contest for United States Senator between Senator Sherman and Governor Foraker was waging at the time of McKinley's first election as Governor. Both were his friends. He wished to keep out of that struggle. His sympathy was with Sherman—not for personal reasons alone. Foraker had placed him in nomination before the Convention in that same year, in one of his most brilliant and eloquent speeches. Foraker had a good subject and he carried the convention by storm. He left a sick bed to do this for his friend. McKinley was grateful to him, indeed, and could not forget him. The struggle went on. Sherman was in danger of defeat. McKinley felt that the financial condition of the country demanded Sherman's retention in the Senate. Duty was stronger than friendship. Sherman was elected. Many members of the Legislature were so sorely disappointed that they criticised the Governor. He took them into his confidence and made them his friends, and soon had their undivided support. They may have remained as Foraker men or as Sherman men, but they were all McKinley men.

It was my good fortune to travel with him during a part of the campaign of 1891, and during the entire campaign of 1893. For many weeks I was his companion, traveling in the same car, occupying the same

platform, dining at the same table, and frequently sleeping in the same room. I learned to know him and to love him. Whether conversing with a friend or addressing a great audience, he showed his magnetic influence over his fellow man. While his eloquence was not brilliant, it was convincing, and his hearers always gave him the credit of being honest and sincere.

The people of the State loved him more in 1893 than in 1891, because they knew him better, and to know him was to admire him. He had so completely won the admiration of the people during his first term as Governor, that no other speaker was in great demand during his second campaign. His meetings were largely attended everywhere. His hearers listened with great attention and drank in every word that fell from his lips. The most casual observer could see that he was the favorite son of the State.

I pitied the man who was called upon to speak either before or after McKinley that year. If he spoke before him, the audience seemed anxious for something or somebody else. If he spoke after him, there did not seem to be anything more wanted. My experience was the experience of other speakers more gifted in speech than myself. The late lamented General Alger was with us, by invitation, one week. His experience was like mine. We frequently talked about the wonderful hold McKinley had on the people, and neither of us had any choice as to which one would precede or follow McKinley, as the conditions were about the same.

In campaigning it was not always possible for us to get separate rooms. McKinley preferred a room with two beds, so that we could talk over matters before retiring, and while dressing in the morning. He utilized all of his time. He shaved himself every morn-

ing, using one hand for one side of his face and the other hand with which to shave the other side, meantime walking about the room and talking as if he was not engaged in what, to most people, is a very delicate job. He frequently glanced over the newspapers while shaving himself and used no mirror. He never laid awake thinking about business, politics or anything. He was an excellent sleeper, and fell asleep at once on retiring. He could always utilize time on the trains in rest and could go to sleep at will. In a very unostentatious manner, he always had his private devotions, and knelt at his bedside the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning.

Whenever McKinley was away he always telegraphed his wife—twice a day—morning and evening. When I was out in the campaigns with him he was looking for telegrams every day from her.

It is known to all who were about the Capitol when McKinley was Governor, that business in his private office stopped for a moment at 3:00 p. m., no matter who was with him nor what was pending. At that hour he invariably went to the window to wave his handkerchief. Mrs. McKinley would then be up from her repose and at her window in the Neil House, just across the street, waving her handkerchief at him. When they were living at the Neil House, he never left that hotel for his office without stopping at the entrance to the Capitol grounds and doffing his hat to Mrs. McKinley, who would be at her window, and she remained there until he passed into the Capitol building. On that spot at the entrance to the Ohio Capitol grounds, where he was wont to stop and look back at Mrs. McKinley's window, now stands the

McKinley monument that was dedicated last September in the presence of the largest crowd ever assembled in Columbus.

When McKinley was inaugurated as Governor in 1894, his wife was unable to be out of doors and the ceremonies were held from the west terrace of the State House, at his request, so that Mrs. McKinley could witness the exercises from her window in the Neil House.

McKinley was not only kind, but also very appreciative. He had the courtesy of the old school, and never neglected an opportunity to express his thanks for the smallest favors, or for any work that was well done. He was even tempered—almost perfection in that respect. If he was annoyed by applicants or by complaints, it made no difference in the even tenor of his way. He was always agreeable.

While McKinley was always dignified, yet he had a delightful sense of humor and with his intimates was very fond of a joke, but his humor was always scruplously clean and his anecdotes did not need expurgation for parlor use.

McKinley took the very best care of himself. An almost invariable habit was to get out a portion of each day for a good walk. He was a believer in fresh air and moderate exercise. In this connection it may be interesting to recall the fact that he was an excellent horseman, retaining all his proficiency attained in the war. On several occasions he had the opportunity to show his Staff how to ride a horse, especially on one trip at Canton, when he started out with the full military staff in uniform, mounted, and returned, after a dash of five miles, with one lone attendant—all the others dropping by the wayside or being distanced. He

had an excellent constitution to start with and in his youth must have been a powerful man physically.

The way that McKinley had reduced the endurance of public life to a science was illustrated in his hand-shaking. He never allowed anyone to get the "drop" on him. He always got hold of the other fellow's hand first, and with such a high reach as to prevent gripping or squeezing. I probably noticed this custom the more for the reason that I have a lame right arm and always suffer for days afterward from the effect of receptions. I regret that I was never able to catch on to the McKinley grip.

I have humbly recalled some little things about McKinley. You will hear of the big ones later on this evening. But even these little traits of character show him to have been a faithful Christian, a devoted husband, a popular campaigner, a charming companion, a man of the people and for the people and their sincere public servant. He bore the olive branch to factions in the North, as well as to his brethren in the South. He believed in what he himself stood for, and he never advocated any course for his own advancement to the detriment of his country or his state or his party.

I will close these random recollections with a pen picture of the man by one who was intimately associated with him, both in his private and public life:

"No ruler of earth was ever more beloved than he. No head of government ever knew his people so well. No people ever confided in their chief executive so much. He believed that the voice of the people is the voice of God, and his ear was ever ready to receive the word. He knew the fallibility of kings, and believed that the people can do no wrong. He never sought to

be a leader, but was content to follow the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night. Yet he had all the qualifications of a great general. He could plan a campaign with consummate skill and execute it with rare power. He did not hesitate to use the abilities of others because, like Lincoln, he feared no man. He was great enough to be beyond the suggestion of jealousy and good enough to be beyond the possibility of hating.

"William McKinley was in every way the ideal American. He was a composite of the highest types of manhood. He was the model gentleman. He lived but one life. He was always the same. Something of the tender devotion to his wife seemed to tint and mellow his public life. Those who knew him in his home life in Canton, in his career in Congress and as Governor of Ohio knew every characteristic of the martyred President.

"The biographer of William McKinley will not be able to point out any one quality that made him what he was. He had a perfect combination of all. *He had poise;* he was eminently sane and always calm. He knew neither the excess of joy nor the depths of sorrow, because, whatever the occasion, he believed, 'It is God's way; His will be done.' His spiritual side was particularly beautiful. He accepted the doctrines of the church without reservation, and his faith was as nearly sublime as man may have. He had a singularly sweet and powerful voice and was fond of joining in congregational singing, and oftentimes, in the privacy of his own office, he would hum the inspired strains of some good old hymn, and if, perchance, a stranger heard, he stood with uncovered head until the melody died away.

"He died, as he lived, a Christian gentleman—with the love of all who knew him, with the respect of all mankind. The world is better because he lived in it, and generations to come will be benefited by his noble example. As long as men read, the name of William McKinley will adorn one of the brightest pages of history, and his splendid career will be the polar star of worthy emulation."

Courtesy, The Courtney Studio.

THE McKINLEY HOME,
CANTON, OHIO.

WILLIAM McKINLEY, THE REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN

PROF. MATTOON M. CURTIS.

This address was delivered at the banquet at The Hollenden, January 29th, 1907, following the address of Governor Harris on Memories of McKinley.

The speaker was introduced by Ex-Governor Myron T. Herrick, Toastmaster.

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"If there is a lesson in my life or death, let it be taught to those who still live and have the destiny of their country in their keeping."

—WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

1. We are here to do homage to one whose character confers dignity upon us all. When we consider his rise to the position of Chief Executive of the Nation; when we consider his pure life and his splendid services; when we consider the dying hero and his attitude toward his countrymen, there can be no doubt that William McKinley was one of our great representative Americans, and that his star shall shine in the future, as it does today, among the brightest in the galaxy of American statesmen.

In those last tragic hours when this great life was ebbing away into history, when this mortal was slowly putting on immortality, it gave utterance to these significant words: "If there is a lesson in my life or death, let it be taught to those who still live and have the destiny of their country in their keeping."

My theme tonight is the message of William McKinley "to those who still live and have the destiny of their country in their keeping." We shall dwell upon those points wherein he rises above the details of

practical politics and becomes the expression of the fundamental principles that underlie our institutions. It is not the message of the soldier, nor of the congressman, nor of the governor, nor of the president, but of the man, the statesman, the representative American; the message of the great commoner who represented the people, the laws of the people, and the ideals of the people.

2. McKinley was the true exponent of popular government, not only because he believed that the seat of political sovereignty is and ought to be in the people, but because he knew, loved and honored the people as fellow citizens. No one more than he believed in the integrity and patriotism of the people or in the soundness of public opinion. No one more than he held the respect and confidence of all sections and all parties. This mutual sympathy and trustfulness gave him a prestige as a national leader such as few, if any of our great men have ever attained. The sudden revival of confidence that immediately followed his election in 1896; his great popular victory in 1900; the overwhelming grief that fell upon the nation when his light went out, these are the tributes that have already been paid by the American people to the American representative. He was criticized by shallow politicians as "keeping his ear to the ground" and giving too much deference to public opinion. This intended reproach was a eulogy of the man, for it declares at once his high estimation of the people and his adequate comprehension of the nature of our government. Even though there were no monument to McKinley in all our land, even though the date of his birth and the site of his grave should be forgotten; even though great organizations should fail to meet

to do him honor—his history would remain inseparably woven into the history of his country, and the fragrance of his memory would live in the hearts of his people. Such a life as this is an everlasting protest against a score of heresies that spring up in little minds regarding the nature of our government and of our people. Are our people to be trusted? Are our institutions securely grounded? Is ingratitude the crime of republics? To these questions McKinley in the presidential chair and in the hearts of his countrymen is a sufficient answer.

McKinley's belief in democracy was supported by a profound grasp of the American situation and by what the future of our country demands. His democracy was complete. Voltaire once said that English society was like English ale—the bottom dregs, the top froth, the middle excellent. American society is of the excellent middle class—froth and dregs are negligible factors. To preserve this status is the giant problem that confronts us. It can not be put in too glaring colors. Spain is a two class nation, froth and dregs. Russia is a two class nation, froth and dregs. They can arise only through the formation of an excellent middle. No nation is stronger than its middle class. McKinley saw this, and we should all realize it. He did all in his power to preserve and augment the great body of industrious and frugal citizenship. Anything that tends to decrease the number and power of our great middle class is a direct attack not only against our government but against the health and prosperity of society. When we see the idle rich increasing at the top and the proletariat increasing at the bottom it is high time to look after the interests of our institutions. There was a time in our history

when the larger part of our country had a two-class society—masters and slaves. What was the social result? Not only the belief that human rights and liberties were limited to white men, but the formation of a great class of poor whites whose position became less enviable than that of the slave. Not only was the South deteriorating in moral and economic aspects but she was demanding that this two-class society should be extended to all new territory and states below an imaginary line and that our nation should thus be split in twain from east to west. Hence the inevitable conflict came. What for? Not primarily for the freedom of the slave; not for the amelioration of the poor whites, but for the preservation of the Union; for the preservation of a one-class society before the law. The war of 1861 carried on the work of the Constitutional Convention of 1787, and it remains for us to preserve and protect the labors of the fathers.

As McKinley grasped this great social truth in democracy, so he grasped its correspondingly great political truth, that political issues should divide the people vertically, not horizontally, that rich and poor, high and low should be found in both political parties. If there is anything un-American, if there is anything intrinsically pernicious in a democracy it is the effort to make horizontal political issues, to create classes and set class against class. This also calls for wise leadership—calls for men of the McKinley type who will preserve America as a one-class nation, excellent, industrious, prosperous from bottom to top, without froth or dregs.

Once more, he is the representative of wise democracy in keeping sectional politics out of national issues. No local interest ever blinded McKinley to the

interests of the nation as a whole. To him there was neither north nor south, nor east nor west. As a statesman he stood for all the people, all the time, and everywhere. No man did more to smooth all sectional differences and this he did without prejudicing a single principle. True he was the great protectionist. But the principle of protection can not be impeached by referring it to greed or selfishness or sectional interests. He believed in protection as a principle not of loot but of justice, not for a part, but for all the people—a duty which every man owes to himself and which every government owes to its people.

3. McKinley was the representative of the people's law. I do not mean merely the current law made by state and federal legislation but the actual crystallizations of public opinion that disclose public rights and duties for all the people.

There is a vast difference between the statesman and the politician. The politician pins his faith to the working of the game or the machine. The statesman grounds his faith in the working of principles in the minds and hearts of living freemen. The vision of the politician is the vision of the mole; the vision of the statesman is the vision of the eagle. McKinley's view of law, lawmaking and law administration was that of the statesman. The moral and legal were very profound elements in his character. They are ingrained in the stock from which he sprung—they are in the religion and law of his fathers. He had learned obedience to law in his ancestry and his life. He had learned it as a child in his home at Niles and Poland. At seventeen years of age he heard his country's call and out of that devotion to duty which characterized his whole life he obeyed that summons and went forth

as a private to stand by the old flag to the finish. He had learned it as a soldier in the field; he exhibited it as a representative in Congress. He showed that he had learned reverence and obedience to law as the governor of this state and as the chief executive of the nation and in that last sad hour he showed that he could face the last orders with the same equanimity as he faced the enemy at Antietam and in the valley of the Shenandoah. "It is God's way. His will not ours be done." The spirit of law had so fully entered his soul; the spirit of justice so fully possessed him that the peerless Secretary of State, John Hay, truthfully said of him that he "Never had occasion to review a judgment or reverse a decision." Whenever justice uttered her voice he listened and recognized law. Whether it thundered from Sinai to command us by fear or distilled like the dew from the Mount of Olives to command us by love; whether it blazed from the Declaration which patriotism flung into the face of tyranny or marches in the Constitution with the solemn logic of constructing a new government, wherever it appeared there stood McKinley to welcome it and pledge his unqualified support.

But all law is not the law of the people, it ought to be but it is not always so. Not all legislation is solely in the interests of all—nor in the interests of the majority. Before the supreme court of public conscience some of our laws are lawless—unjust, iniquitous. So far as this is true we are teaching our people the first principles of resistance to arbitrary power; so far as such laws are possible we are giving lawmaking into the hands of anarchy. If law is to be respected it must be respectable. If law is to be a great and beneficial educator of our people it must be

light to all good citizens and lightening to every soul that doeth evil. Now and again we read, or hear it stated, that there is no common law in America. It is only in a very superficial sense that such a view can be held. It is surprising that a democracy a sovereign people should have no common law. The fact is that in America there is no law but common law. Every declaration, every constitution, every legislative act, every decision of the courts is only a more or less adequate expression of the common law. As McKinley believed in the people, so he believed in the people's law, in the common law, in natural law as over against all conventionalistic and positivistic views of law. He believed the common law was just, because it expressed the conscience of the people; that it was stable, because it represented the growth of centuries of human experience; that it was progressive, because it is capable of being modified to meet all human exigencies. This has been the belief of all our great statesmen from Washington to Roosevelt. For this kind of law McKinley stood and every true American must both stand and work. As we are always face to face with the question whether we really have a democracy so we are always face to face with the question whether we have a system of laws that is at the same time a system of equity. A free people can maintain its freedom only under law and it is an eternal vigilance of genius and patriotism that can steer the course between anarchy and despotism. But here, as elsewhere, it is the letter that killeth but the spirit that giveth life. It is the spirit of the fathers and our own spirits that must triumph over our own selfishness and lawlessness. When we think of the spirit which made colonial America, we take courage; when we think of

the spirit that fought the revolution and framed the constitution, we take courage; when we think of the beginning of the Republican party we take courage. When I think of the Chicago convention of 1860 that dared in its second resolution to re-affirm the principles of the Declaration of Independence; when I think of the spirit of the old party in those stormy days, of its ideals and how men lived and died for them; when I think of Abraham Lincoln rising like a great Colossus from the ranks of the people and for four long years never flinching in the face of duty under his Herculean tasks; when I think of Garfield and McKinley, giants of the people and incarnations of the American spirit of justice for all, I feel how vast, how magnificent, how potent is the moral capital, not only of the Republican party, but of the American people. It is high time that we Republicans in Ohio and especially in Cuyahoga County begin going to school to the great leaders and principles of the old Republican party. We have the vision of the mole. Let us have the vision of the eagle. Let us be baptized once again into this spirit; let us dare to re-affirm once again the fundamental law of our land; let us catch the spirit and march to the music of such great statesmen as Washington, Lincoln and McKinley; then shall we insure a government whose roots grip into eternal justice and whose blossoms and fruits are in the lives and labors of a free and powerful people.

4. McKinley represented not only the people and the people's law but the ideals of the people. It was this that raised him high above the politician into the realm of enduring statesmanship. The people, its law and its religion stand or fall together. Its law is its sense of justice; religion is its sense of freedom. Jus-

tice and freedom are the two giant pillars upon which the great arch of democracy rests. These three aspects of our national life have been traditionally inseparable in the lives of our great statesmen. They are inseparable in the life of William McKinley. It is no accident that the greatest statesmen of the world have been idealists harboring a profound belief in the destinies of their people under the guidance of Providence; it is no accident that from the days of early Egypt until our day the great heroes of humanity have recognized a law higher than human prescriptions and a power superior to armies and navies; it was no accident that the immortal Mayflower compact began with the words, "In the name of God, Amen!" In the name of God, government began in America, in New England and in Virginia, and in the name of God it has been and must be preserved. America has always been imbued with idealism. It has unified our people and it constitutes our most pronounced national trait. We owe John Calvin much, for he is our spiritual father, in religion and government. The Puritans of New England, the Cavalier of Virginia, the Dutch of New York, the French Huguenots, and the Scotch Covenanters were all of them Calvinists and all of these are our fathers who carried Calvinism into the Declaration and into the Constitution. We, the children, have modified the rigors of their creed and softened the asperities of their scheme of life, but we dare not call into question their fundamental principles and ideas. When the storm and stress come, we argue these principles right up to the throne of God, and accept the logic of Calvinism—that, "The voice of the people is the voice of God." McKinley was according to the flesh and the spirit a child of these fathers and

he towers before us in giant form proclaiming the same great principles which dwelt so powerfully in Franklin, Washington and Lincoln. Does some one say that the idealist emphasizes the general and loses sight of particulars? I affirm in view of all the great statesmen and generals and financiers and scientists and philosophers whose history is known to us that it is only the idealist and the generalizer who knows how to deal with particulars, while the slaves of detail make up the ranks of bungling mediocrity.

McKinley's ideals were not idle fancies, but great potentialties for the realization of which he fondly hoped and patiently labored. His view of the destiny of the nation was as firm and grand as that of Washington when he looked out upon the boundless wilderness of the West. He believed in arbitration, not only in international matters, but in all individual differences and in all differences between capital and labor. On the floor of the 49th congress, in 1886, he declared, "I believe in arbitration as a principle." As he loved peace so he hated war. When the explosion in Havanna harbor, in February, 1898, sent a thrill through the nation as a call to war; when men were eager to clutch the weapons of destruction, McKinley, the old soldier who never paled on the field of battle, bade the nation pause: "We must wait," he said, "until we perceive the justice of our movements," and he kept us waiting until he saw that the war was inevitable, and then he threw his whole soul into its speedy conclusion. So speedy and conclusive was the victory, so humane were the readjustments, that we scarcely realize today the epoch-making significance of the McKinley war and the superb statesmanship that controlled its international relations. And then at last in that swan-song

address at Buffalo we hear his commercial valedictory to the nation, which should ring in our ears until its meaning is realized. "Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times, measures of retaliation are not." It is a matter for regret that we have so far been unable to secure such a treaty with any important European nation. Although reciprocity treaties are difficult to secure and when secured are difficult to enforce, they represent the high commercial ideal toward which we should strive. When we consider his moral and political idealism we may say that if there was ever a man amongst us who followed the "Prince of Peace," that man was William McKinley.

Such men have made America fortunate above all the lands of mother earth; fortunate in her territory, that is able to make her the granary of the world; fortunate in her mineral resources, so opened as to place her industries and commerce in the van of the nations; fortunate in her population, which however heterogeneous in race are moulded by the American spirit into a homogeneous citizenship; fortunate in her institutions of government, of education and of religion, that are ever stimulating her people to realize the ideals of the fathers. As long as America can produce such men as have guided our destines to the present time, as long as such men command our reverence and fire our devotion to country and warn us that "corruption wins not more than honesty," so long will our body politic be robust with health and strength, and the American spirit be the light and inspiration of the nations of the earth.

THE PLACE OF McKINLEY IN HISTORY

PAUL F. SUTPHEN, D. D.

This address was delivered at the annual McKinley Day banquet, held in Chamber of Commerce Hall, January 29th, 1908.

Other speakers at the banquet table were Hon. D. E. McKinlay, of California, and Secretary of War William H. Taft.

Rev. Caspar Wistar Hiatt pronounced the Invocation.

Toastmaster, Lieut.-Governor Francis W. Treadway, introduced the speaker.

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The greatest heritage which any nation ever receives from the past is the heritage of history; it may fall heir to other and more tangible things, to the accumulated wealth of preceding generations, to the science and inventions of those who have gone before, yet it is the history of a nation which creates and inspires national ideals, which develops national consciousness which intensifies patriotism. Little Holland and little Switzerland are tiny states in the presence of their neighbors, but their splendid history, out of all proportion to their area, wealth or population, entitles them to a high rank among the nations of the earth. In the final analysis, nations are made up not of things, not of acres, or cities, or factors, or millions, but of men; and it is what those men are, what they have done and are doing, that gives a nation's existence any significance whatsoever.

Here in America we are justly proud of our national domain, of our great commerce, of our vast wealth, of the industry of our citizens, but we feel

that it is not for any nor for all of these that we are willing to live or to die; these are our means of living, they are not our life. Back of us is the stored-up manhood of one hundred and thirty years,—a manhood which has been tested over and over again in the hot furnace of national trial and has never been found wanting. At the beginning of our history, that manhood found its most fitting exponent in the heroic figure of the immortal Washington. When the nation entered upon the second great period of its history, that manhood found its type in the rugged personality of the second father of his country—Abraham Lincoln. When the third epoch dawned, it was represented by the strong, the genial, the lovable presence of him in whose memory we are assembled tonight, the third martyr President of the republic, William McKinley.

I do not mention these three names together as implying that they were men of equal greatness nor that Providence assigned to them tasks of equal magnitude; they were men very dissimilar from one another. The part which any one of them played was very likely a part which neither of the others could have played. But they were alike in this, that each of them was a typical American of his own generation—a genuine product of American institutions and devoted to those institutions with undying loyalty; and, furthermore, it can be said of these three men as it cannot be said of any others who have occupied the presidential chair, that they are respectively identified with the three great epochs which have thus far marked the history of the United States, so that the epoch and the name of the man associated with it will ever be almost interchangeable terms.

I need hardly more than mention in this presence what those epochs are. For eight long years of toilsome war, when the nation was struggling to be born; in the critical days which followed when the new constitution was superseding the loose Articles of Confederation, and for two generations afterwards, when the infant republic was growing up into childhood and early youth, the hand which guided its destinies and the name which was invoked as the last standard of authority was the hand and the name of Washington. Few historians have dwelt sufficiently upon his almost miraculous influence in holding the States together during that stormy generation which immediately preceded the Civil War. Being dead, he yet spoke with commanding voice to his countrymen; what he said about the importance of union was still ringing in their ears; to disobey that voice seemed like sacrilege, so completely was his great presence identified with the first epoch of our national life.

The second epoch dawned with the "irrepressible conflict," when it was left for battle to decide whether we were a nation or a mere confederacy, bound together by a rope of sand. Out of that conflict our national consciousness was born. Before 1861 we did not know what we were; some said one thing, some another; there was no sense of national unity. But who has doubted what we are since 1865? There has been no more talk of confederacy since then, no more talk of disunion. We are a nation! The fact took hold upon the people something like a revelation; it stirred their souls as they had never been stirred before. California is our country, and Maine, and Louisiana, as well as Ohio. A new meaning came into the national motto; the emphasis now rested on the *unum*

and not on the *pluribus*. You know how this sense of national unity, this national consciousness, as I have called it, kept on growing during the generation which followed the Civil War. How it thawed out sectional animosity, melted down provincial prejudice and fused the people into one; and during all this period when we were awakening to our national self-hood, the American name which was above every name, was that of Abraham Lincoln. His was the hand which guided the nation to its self-realization during those dreadful years of conflict, and, like Washington, his was the name invoked as the last standard of authority throughout the generation which followed his death.

It was in the year 1898 that our country entered upon the third epoch in its history. The circumstances which introduced it were in themselves of comparatively insignificant importance and certainly out of all proportion to their far-reaching results. The war with Spain was not any great affair; our adversary was weak, unprepared for the conflict, uniformly defeated, and the war was over in a hundred days. But out of that comparatively insignificant struggle the United States emerged as a great World Power. Even up to that time the nation had been regarded as a sort of provincial republic by most of the countries of Europe. We were separated from the Old World by two great oceans; we were not a factor to be seriously reckoned with in the world's politics; we were hardly consulted on great international questions. We, who had already come to the realization of our national strength and unity, were not a little amused at the estimate put upon us by our European neighbors at that time. Our rashness was criticised in throwing down the gauge of war to such formidable fighters as

the Spaniards had always shown themselves to be. It was seriously expected that our navy would be wiped off the sea by the powerful fleets of Spain. The comments and prophecies of the European press at the opening of the war could not have well revealed a more dismal ignorance of the resources or self-consciousness of the American nation than they did. But what a change in world-wide opinion the war almost instantly effected! It was not simply that American arms were uniformly successful both on land and sea; it was the astonishing resources which the nation could instantly command, the millions which congress could vote without a moment's hesitation, the hundreds of millions which the people were so eager to pour into the treasury that they had to be restrained, the limitless supply of men who were willing to take the field, the patriotism of all classes of the people, and, by no means least, the fact that the veterans of the Civil War on both sides of that conflict, and their sons, forgetful of the past, were united in common loyalty to the old flag and marched with equal enthusiasm, shoulder to shoulder, to fight the battles of their common country. From that hour, the American republic sprang to a foremost place among the world's great powers. It could no longer be ignored in world politics; it had a word to say presently with respect to China and it was a word that was listened to. The novel sight of American soldiers marching with the troops of the other great powers to the rescue of the legations at Pekin may be taken as typical of the changed position which the nation had come to occupy among the nations of the earth. The era of provincialism and isolation was over, the epoch of world-wide relations had come.

I mention these facts, gentlemen, only for one reason. The name which will ever be identified with this third great epoch in our history is the name of William McKinley. As surely as the name of Washington is identified with the first period in our history and the name of Lincoln is identified with the second, so surely will the name of McKinley be identified with the third. There are some who will say that it was not he who created the influences which made the United States a world power. Neither did Washington create the influences which inevitably tended toward American independence, nor did Lincoln create the influences which ended in the consolidation of the nation. All these things were ultimately bound to come, but when the crises came these were the men of the hour, and so magnificently did each of them meet the crisis of his day that his name will ever be associated with the splendid result,—Washington with the birth and early days of the republic, Lincoln with its preservation and nationalization, McKinley with its expansion into a great world power.

President McKinley must have keenly realized, when he faced the Spanish war, that its results would be far-reaching. We had not been in armed conflict with a European power since 1812. Spain had many friends on the other side of the sea. The event proved that our only friend was Great Britain. Complications might easily have ensued which would have made the conflict formidable. Skilful diplomacy was as necessary as military and naval leadership. Furthermore, it was a foregone conclusion that the success of the war would place Cuba under our protectorate and the other Spanish colony in the Western Hemisphere in our hands. It was not yet foreseen that to this the

Philippines would be added, but it was evident that we should be compelled to assume the as yet to us untried experiment of a colonial power. This was foreign to our traditions and would involve problems, constitutional and otherwise, which we had never before been compelled to face. As a matter of fact, these colonial dependencies, especially the Philippines, had hardly come into our possession before the storm at home broke upon the President's head. We are not here concerned with the merits of the controversy. I allude to these things only to remind you of the difficulties which William McKinley encountered, both at home and abroad, in meeting the inevitable situation which made the United States a great world power. He was a man of peace, but when the war became inevitable he never faltered; he was willing to accept all the responsibilities which the new career of his country laid upon his shoulders. He was not frightened by hostile criticisms abroad, nor by strictures on his colonial policies at home. He realized that the country was entering upon a new era and he stood calmly with his hand upon the helm of the ship of state, guiding her between the rocks into these unknown seas. The greatness of the man will be realized more keenly by those who shall come after us who will see him in the perspective of history. Not the least significant thing in his career is the fact that his last public utterance, on the day when he was struck down by an assassin, dealt with questions of reciprocity which, while having to do mainly with trade relations, was in direct line with the whole trend of his administration to make the United States one of the leading powers of the world.

You will perhaps be disappointed, gentlemen, that I have not dwelt more upon the man himself, upon his sturdy boyhood in a plain American home, upon the young soldier going away at seventeen to fight his country's battles in the Civil War, upon his heroism in the field, upon his study and early practice of the law, upon his fourteen brilliant years in congress where his clear resonant voice, charged with the eloquence of resistless logic, so often carried all before it; upon his statesmanship as Governor of Ohio, and most of all, upon his personal winsomeness; upon his devoted affection for his friends; upon his chivalry and tenderness, like a knight of olden times, toward her who had shared his joys and sorrows, and surely, but not least, upon his unalterable faith in God, never more deeply manifested than in his last hours, when, dying at the hand of an assassin, he murmured, "It is God's way, His will be done."

But with all of these facts in his life, brilliant as many of them are and unspeakably tender as are others, you are perfectly familiar. I have rather desired in this brief address to point out to you the enduring place which William McKinley is bound to occupy in the history of the United States; the fact that he, so to speak, ushered in the third epoch of our national life, and that this fact, if no other, would give him a place of enduring fame.

It is always difficult for the contemporaries of any character to estimate the real elements of his greatness. Personal friendship is sure to over-estimate his virtues as hostility is sure to under-estimate his worth. Washington had bitter enemies who could not see the greatness which his friends saw in him. Some of us can remember the time when there were

those who considered it sacrilege to mention the name of Lincoln in the same breath with that of Washington. McKinley had no personal enemies, and even those who differed from him on political questions never failed to recognize the sterling qualities of the man. Yet it is too soon for any of us to say with confidence just how great a man posterity will declare him to have been. We must wait until years shall afford the right perspective, until all controversies about his policies have died away, until the results of his life work shall be tested as only future events can test them. But whatever the verdict of posterity may be as to his greatness, his identification with the third epoch in our national life makes his fame secure. He stands like his two great predecessors to whom I have frequently referred this evening, at the parting of the ways. Our history will never be again what it was before he became President of the republic. Whether we will or no, we must take our part henceforth in the congress of the world. Other things than trade and commerce will mark our intercourse with other nations. The days of our quiet life of isolation are over; we are in the forefront of the nations of the world.

I am glad, gentlemen, you are in the habit of remembering the day of William McKinley's birth. He was a son of whom Ohio was always justly proud; he reflected infinite credit upon his native State and she can well afford to honor him. We shall not soon forget his dignified yet genial presence, his stirring words of eloquence, nor the utter manliness and nobility of his soul.

How better can I conclude these words than by applying to William McKinley the sentiments which he uttered respecting Washington in his address to

the officers and students of the University of Pennsylvania on Washington's birthday, 1898—

> "We love to recall his noble unselfishness, his heroic purposes, the power of his magnificient personality, his glorious achievements for mankind, and his stalwart and unflinching devotion to independence, liberty and union. * * * We have every incentive to cherish his memory and teachings. * * * The priceless opportunity is ours to demonstrate anew the enduring triumph of American civilization and to help in the progress and prosperity of the land we love."

McKINLEY THE MAN

COL. JOHN J. McCOOK.

This address was delivered at the annual banquet held at The Hollenden, January 29th, 1909.

Other speakers were William S. Bennett, Congressman from New York, and Robert W. Tayler, U. S. District Judge. The Toastmaster, Governor Myron T. Herrick, in introducing the speaker referred to him as a member of the family of "Fighting McCooks." (Col. McCook was the youngest and only surviving member of a family of nine sons all of whom served in the Civil War.)

For the following brief synoposis of this speech the publisher is indebted to the files of the Cleveland Leader:

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It is a great pleasure to be here this evening. I congratulate this club on these splendid anniversary banquets. We, who live in the effete East, appreciate good things and we always know it is a good thing if it originates in Ohio. I am delighted that you have invited me here.

I am not prepared to deliver a formal address. I wish only to speak a few words from the heart about the man we loved, a man gentle as a woman but with red corpuscles in his blood.

McKinley was the embodiment of service, of service to God, service to his friends, to his family and to humanity. The man or woman, who saw Mr. McKinley in the home, could have only one sentiment and that of admiration for this man. No matter how busy he was, his thoughts quickly turned to his invalid wife. In his home he set an example every American ought to follow. He was a man who was earnestly

religious. He spoke little of his thoughts but he walked humbly with his God. He tried to be absolutely just but tempered mercy with his justice.

If there are good men and true in this State of Ohio, it is because they are the sons of godly women, women like the mother of McKinley.

I saw McKinley first during a campaign with the Army of The Potomac. General Grant introduced me to him. He was Captain McKinley then, a youth of twenty years, "ruddy and of good complexion," like David. We were both from Ohio and naturally became acquainted easily and quickly. He was then the keen-cut specimen of the volunteer soldier.

Mr. McCook told how in one battle Capt. McKinley went through a heavy fire to the rear to get coffee and crackers for the men and how they cheered him until the Confederates thought that the Federals were cheering because reinforcements had reached them.

He related the story of a young soldier's death—that of his brother, which fact few of his audience realized. This youth, a student at Kenyon college, volunteered at the outbreak of hostilities and was killed at the first battle of Bull Run. As he died in his father's arms the boy repeated:

"*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*"—it is sweet to die for one's country.

Let us live so that this nation will be better for our lives.

Remember the name of McKinley in connection with service, with service for God, for country, for family and for humanity.

MYRON T. HERRICK,

EX-GOVERNOR OF OHIO, PRESENT AMBASSADOR
TO FRANCE, WHO WAS BOUND TO McKINLEY
BY SO CLOSE A TIE OF FRIENDSHIP
THAT HE IS LINKED WITH
HIS MEMORY.

WILLIAM McKINLEY

JOHN A. SHAUCK,
Judge of The Supreme Court of Ohio.

This address was delivered at the annual banquet of The Tippecanoe Club held on January 29th, 1910, at The Hollenden.

Other speakers were President James B. Ruhl of the Club, Congressman James T. Burke of Pennsylvania and Wade Ellis, Assistant U. S. Attorney General.

Toastmaster, Governor Myron T. Herrick, introduced the speaker.

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We may congratulate ourselves on the large and rapidly increasing number of our Memorial days. That the youngest of all the great nations has the longest roll of those who are justly deemed worthy to be regarded as immortals is a source of national pride. But it should not start surprise, although this distinction has come to us in our national youth, when we have scarcely lost touch with those who became distinguished for transcendent qualities of leadership in the achievement of our independence and the establishment of our institutions.

For the quickening of patriotism in the ancient republics resort was had to mythology and legend. We stir our hearts and the hearts of our children, and teach the value of our institutions, by recalling the lives and deeds and precepts of those who brought to the field unsurpassed valor and endurance and to the council a statesmanship which devised the most intricate form of government ever known and the most efficacious for the preservation of the liberties of all

the generations which may comprehend its value and respect the restraints which it imposes. By as much as we honor those whose valor and patience expelled tyranny from these shores, and those whose profound statesmanship enshrined the achievement in a permanent constitution, by so much should we honor those who in the following years have developed the might of that instrument by matchless adjudications and wise laws, and who in peace and war have maintained our heritage and led us by the paths which nations tread with honor. And so for the purposes of admonition, instruction and emulation we are one with this line of immortals with the earlier of whom our grandfathers were contemporaries, and with the later some of us who are not yet old lived in the relation of close personal friendship.

Among these in worthy companionship is the name of William McKinley. If I were eloquent I could thrill you with not overdrawn portrayals of his devotion to wife and mother, of his fidelity to military duty, of his high honor in politics, and of his self-abnegation when obligation to friends was involved, and of his longing for the honor of his country and the well being of his fellow men. But mere eulogy would fall short of the highest purpose of this occasion. We are yet too near to his career and too much disturbed by the atrocious crime which ended it to analyze his character with exactness. But some sources of his power and efficiency lie upon the surface. Whether from innate qualities or from education, his purposes were carefully formed, and his devotion to their accomplishment was complete. At the age of 17 he entered the army, one of the very youngest of the magnificent host who asserted the might of the

nation to enforce the rule of a lawfully ascertained majority. In the army he was disciplined in self restraint and prepared for later civil and military duties. The years of his public service were notable for his abiding subordination to the laws prescribing and limiting his official duties. His great influence was due in a large degree to the high personal esteem in which he was held by his contemporaries. He did seek an understanding of public opinion because he was wise enough to appreciate the folly of enactments which are not sustained by the general will. The flow of his blood was never checked by the dreary isolation which surrounds one who imagines himself to be the sole repository of virtue and wisdom. He appreciated and revered the patience and wisdom with which the fathers had gathered the fruits of Magna Charta and of the Revolution, and distributed the powers of government among coordinate departments for the securing of individual liberty. He recognized the virtue and wisdom, not only of the fathers, but of his contemporaries. He did not believe that our institutions had so failed of their purpose as to develop a generation of voters who persistently choose the least worthy of their number for positions of honor and authority. His zeal for the welfare of the people was founded upon the deep conviction that they were worthy. So admirable was his attitude toward his fellows and toward those exercising the functions of the other departments of the government, that his political adversaries and his rivals in his own party were his personal friends ready to rejoice at his preferment and in the success of his measures.

Most of his formative years were devoted to studies and pursuits which qualify for statesmanship.

But called to the office of President because of tested qualities so developed, an unexpected foreign war soon demonstrated that the ardent lover of peace was fully qualified to discharge the duties of Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy. The world wondered at the promptness with which, under his leadership, enough of our resources to meet the emergency was called forth from a condition of profound peace. His judgment of men was unerring, his vision far. In cabinet, at foreign courts, on sea and land, stations of responsibility were occupied by men who filled them. It was not by accident, but by his careful design, that our ships were so admirably distributed—that Dewey was at Manila and Sampson at Santiago. It was due to his sagacity and firmness that the enemy surrendered that position instead of evacuating it. The glamour of war did not obscure his perception of the purposes for which it was waged, nor dim his vision of the splendor which the nation was to achieve by the ways of peace. He knew from the beginning that victory would be ours, that to create waste places in the earth was no part of our mission, and that civilization would require us to set up and maintain a sovereignty wherever we should destroy one. None but the highest qualities of statesmanship could have so adapted the terms of peace to realize and secure the just results of a successful war.

The wise designer of public policies, he added charm and grace to reason to secure their adoption. Born to toil, he wore the simple virtues of his youth over the more than kingly robes which he had placed upon him. It was inevitable that he should be developed by such institutions as ours, for his varied

experiences and achievements would have defied classification in any land of fixed social conditions.

We do not accept the suggestion that his early death conduced to the stability of his fame. In contemplating the life and death of such a man there is no consolation in the thought that the grave shields from temptation and exempts from conflict. He was cast in heroic mold. If the years of the patriarchs had been allowed him he would have held his way blameless through them all, and he loved the conflict for the right. Every good cause is weaker today because he is not here. In all the course of time there will be no generation but would have been happier and better if he had lived longer. His last public utterance was for the greatness of the nations through peace and fraternity. We may not wholly appropriate the love of this cosmopolitan in philanthropy, for it is the heritage of mankind. But from intimate association he became peculiarly our friend. For which of us does memory perform an office more welcome than when it recalls the kindly face we cannot see and his cheery greeting now silent?

Have we drawn all the lessons which are plainly suggested by his life and death? Certainly we have not. The toleration of schools of anarchy means the continuance of a condition in which the stamp of public approval placed upon an honored citizen will be translated into "the fatal asterisk of death." It also denotes our failure in the performance of grave international obligations.

Soon after the close of the Civil War we asserted a demand against England for damages resulting from her negligent failure to perform the duty imposed upon her by the law among nations to prevent the

arming of privateers and their issuing from her ports to prey upon our commerce. The duty implied in our demand was admitted. The negligent failure to perform it was denied. The question was decided in our favor by distinguished arbitrators and the damages awarded were paid. Nearly continuously from that time until now we have tolerated within our borders, the schools of anarchy and their kindergartens—the schools of socialism. The destruction of public order and the murder of rulers have been openly taught. Processions have marched the streets of cities bearing flags alien and hostile, not only to our government, but to all others. Officers have been murdered in pursuance of these teachings and in the execution of conspiracies consistent with them. Some of those undergoing imprisonment for such overt acts of murder were pardoned by a governor of one of the states, and that official has since been received with honor and tolerated as a teacher of political sociology. The natural results of such toleration and encouragement have followed with bewildering rapidity. A few years ago the members of this association compassed the murder of the head of the existing government of Italy, and pursuant to their appointment a wretch left our shores to execute their base decree, and he executed it. The foul deed filled pitying men with horror which only encouraged the teachers of crime. The propagation of their doctrines continued, and we now contemplate their latest achievement.

Perhaps we may not hope for the cessation of homicides resulting from such promptings as spring spontaneously in depraved hearts and disordered minds; but the mentally and morally weak are prone to act upon suggestion, and the toleration of schools

of criminal suggestion is a national disgrace. That the foul deed we now contemplate was due to such suggestion is made clear by the assassin's associations and his declarations. It is the lesson of history that public disorder is the tyrant's welcome and that liberty is never secure except when its excesses are restrained and prevented by public law.

McKinley's memory belongs to mankind and to the ages. His will not be the first American name to be repeated with affection and reverence wherever upon the earth men and women honor private and public virtue, and aspiring to the greatest attainable happiness for themselves and their children, pray for equal opportunities secured by wise laws faithfully administered. His legacy to mankind is an all-embracing philanthropy. To this nation it is an illustrious example of manifold responsibilities bravely borne, and of the gravest duties well performed. Amid these scenes and in this generation every tribute will be incomplete which does not recall the charm and fidelity with which he honored personal friendship.

McKINLEY

JOHN WESLEY HILL,

Pastor Metropolitan Temple,
New York City.

This address was delivered January 28th, 1911, at the Tippecanoe banquet at The Hollenden.

Other speakers were Henry Lewis Stimson, now Secretary of War under President Taft, Congressman Frank B. Willis of Ada, Ohio, and Henry B. Chapman, Judge Common Pleas Court, Cleveland, Ohio.

Toastmaster, William L. Day, U. S. Dist. Attorney, introduced the speaker.

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The stonecutters of the Parthenon were so blinded by the dust of the chiseling that they could not see the full glory of the temple which leaped from the brain of Ictinus, and crowned the hills of Athens. Neither can we fully appreciate the symmetry and magnificence of this great personality who has risen in our midst and blinded our eyes with the brilliancy of his achievements—a man in whom the great qualities blended like the commingling of many streams; patience without indolence; meekness without stupidity; courage without rashness; caution without fear; justice without vindictiveness; piety without infidelity, and faith without superstition—such was William McKinley.

"The elements so mixed in him that great nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This is a man, aye, and such a man that, taken all in all, we shall not see his like again.'" His statesmanship was vindicated by results. A surgeon once said, "We had a splendid operation in our hospital today, you ought

to have seen it." Some one asked, "Did the man live?" The surgeon replied, "No, they always die in that operation, but it was a splendid operation." That surgeon could not apply his rule to statesmanship. Statesmanship must be a successful operation. Measured by this law, "McKinley's statesmanship reaches the highest type."

When he went to the White House we were a moderate sea power in these western waters, content with our coast and lakes. We were still practicing the advice of George Washington in his farewell address to beware of entangling alliances with the old world. That was just the advice we needed at a time when we were limited in numbers and resources, when our population along the seaboard was sparse and we knew very little of the great inland empire beyond the Alleghanies, but since then the world has moved, and America leads the world. We are no longer a hermit nation; we have stepped from isolation into the infinitude of a worldwide relationship.

This new era of international influence and power dates from the day that William McKinley moved into the White House. Prior to that, we were glad to occupy any place at the International Festal Board, where we never failed to wear our little anti-expansion bib, which at last looked like a cotton patch on the front of our blue uniform.

But today, where Uncle Sam sits is the head of the table. The financial center of the world has been transferred from Bond Street to Wall Street, and the political center from Windsor Castle to the White House. All eyes are upon our William the Silent. He is the international McGregor. His hand is on the carver and his foot upon the call bell. He dishes out all the supplies. Our commerce is going everywhere,

our sails whiten all seas. The city of London is lighted tonight with gas extracted from Alabama coal, so that we are actually "carrying coals to Newcastle."

Providence pushed us into this new era. We were expanded without being consulted upon the question. When God has a task to be performed, He always finds the right agent. Jonah was loath to start upon his missionary tour, and so the Lord whaled him to his task. We were unwilling to start upon our providential errand, and so He permitted us to be blown to ours. We were expanded without being consulted upon the question.

One night Spain planted a magazine under the Maine, and then we were blown all around creation. We went up into the air and came down everywhere —to stay! Spain expanded us and we disbanded Spain. We laid aside our anti-expansion bib and taught Spain not to fool with the stars and stripes. We stripped her until she saw stars. And so today we are one nation. A power that must be reckoned with in the adjustment of boundary lines and spheres of political and commercial influence.

The great Talleyrand once said, "Language is the art of concealing ideas." Diplomacy for the most part looks one way and goes the other. Under the magic touch of William McKinley a new diplomacy was created, a diplomacy which set before the world exactly what he thought ought to be done and how he intended to do it. We see this illustrated in the way he handled the great problems at home and abroad. He first and alone recognized the importance of preserving the integrity of China. A long war between China and the western nations meant the partitioning of China for the liquidation of the financial obliga-

tions involved in such a war. To dismember China would involve two great unmeasured worldwide calamities, namely, the perpetuation of heathenism by the centuries, and the narrowing of the world's march by the loss of the "most favored nation" clause.

McKinley had the vision of the statesman. He saw the importance of the point at issue, and he put unmeasured emphasis upon the necessity of maintaining the integrity of China. It necessitated keeping the Chinese minister at Washington, and the continuance of diplomatic relations with China during the Boxer riots.

True, Chinese soldiers were uniting with the Boxers, and the empress dowager encouraged and rewarded them, and promoted the enemies of the "foreign devils." Still, McKinley called it a "Riot," and maintained peace with the Chinese government. He brought all the powers to the same ground, and thereby averted a long war, reducing the damages so much that they could be settled in money instead of land. And today our country is the residuary legatee of the statesmanship of McKinley in solving the problems of the Far East.

Japan, Corea, and China with five hundred millions of people, three times the population of Europe, one-third the population of the human race, are all facing this way. Long before the close of this century these will be Christian nations. Then they will demand the products of our soul and soil; great cities will spring up in the pathway of this widening trade, our deserts will be crowded by industrious millions, cheap electric power will lift the water onto those rich plains until booming like a garden, they will support

a population as dense as is now supported in the valley of the Ganges.

There is a tradition that the swan, the night before it dies, sings a wonderful song. This may be a myth, but it is no myth that William McKinley, the last day of his public life, gave expression to an utterance which we regard today as a legacy of priceless value.

That last speech delivered at the Pan-American Fair will pass down in the history of this government like a clear, sharp, bas-relief, cut on a precious stone, showing President McKinley with his face toward the future.

Protection and reciprocity; Arbitration rather than War; Commerce and not Slaughter; One great international family; Friends and not Enemies; these were the thrilling themes which occupied his mind, constituting an Epic worthy of Greek chorus. And today, we are just entering upon the full fruition of that incomparable death song.

Protection, modified to changed conditions, scientifically arranged and impartially executed,—protection for revenue to meet the expense of the government, and to protect American industries from competition with the pauperized labor of the old world,—protection, representing the difference in the cost of production at home and abroad,—this is the protection which William McKinley was the apostle of, the Republican party is the embodiment, and William Howard Taft is the defender.

Peace, with self-respect and honor, recognizing the possibilities of war, and yet anxious and alert to avoid the horrors of war, peace, with ample coast defense, with the fortification of the Panama Canal,

with an army ready for any emergency and a navy second to none on the high seas, and yet all these compacted forces and resources consecrated to the arbitrament of the pen, rather than the roar of the artillery,—this was the prophetic dream of William McKinley. And this is the pacific statesmanship of President Taft, who is now appealing for an international court of arbitration, where international differences may be settled in the fear of God, and the love of man.

Reciprocity, this is the password given by McKinley in his last round of the sentries, and it is the password taken up and repeated by President Taft, within the past forty-eight hours, in his special message to congress, appealing for a reciprocity treaty with Canada, an appeal which should fire the enthusiasm of the nation, and speedily result in such congressional legislation as shall unite in reciprocal bonds two peoples linked together by race, language, political institutions and geographical proximity.

Through such a trade agreement between Canada and the United States these countries, touching along a boundary line of three thousand miles, will pass in and out of a common camp. Reciprocity is the slot in which protection can work without straining the machinery. It exchanges exclusiveness for neighborliness and brotherhood. Proclaimed from the Pan-American Fair, it struck and fitted the Americas from pole to pole. These continents are bound together. They are geographically indissoluble. They have common problems and face a common destiny. They are linked by the great law of supply and demand. Lying on opposite sides of the equator, they command all the seasons and all the crops all the time.

We need to cultivate our South American trade also; we need a rapid steamship line plying from continent to continent. We need to restore our flag to the high seas. It is a shame that we should permit the South American trade to be appropriated by Europe. The time has come for more intimate commercial relations between the peoples of the western hemisphere, and especially between the millions of the temperate and trophic zones.

Teetering across the equator we can multiply the blessings of each and grow rich and strong together. The connection can only be made by express trains, and fast sailing refrigerator steamers, means for the interchange of products by land and sea, under a reciprocal treaty which shall make each the richer and stronger through the equitable interchange of natural products. Thus united we can command the world's greatest markets and secure a commercial future that shall astonish the statistician.

And so we see that McKinley's fame, like Linclon's and Grant's, rests upon "the arduous greatness of things achieved." Great indeed was his career.

A soldier—he marched under the flag from the Ohio to the Gulf!

A patriot—he offered his life for the preservation of the union!

A legislator—he had the most prominent name in congress!

A statesman—he secured the enactment of laws bearing upon his own nation, that embraced great and vital interests of every civilized nation—and lifted his own country from deepest distress to greatest prosperity!

A leader—he directed a war that liberated millions of people from the most cruel and bloodthirsty despotism and drove that despotism out of the western hemisphere in ninety days!

An administrator—he gave the country an administration that does not suffer when compared with the great administrations of the past.

A president—he has adorned our history with such achievements that their luminousness shines brighter than the noonday sun, has penetrated the dark bosom of heathendom, and their suddenness has shocked all nations, and their greatness has made the whole world wonder.

MARCUS A. HANNA,

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM OHIO 1898 TO 1904.
ONE OF McKINLEY'S CLOSEST FRIENDS AND
GENERAL OF HIS POLITICAL
CAMPAIGNS.

WILLIAM McKINLEY

DAN F. BRADLEY, PASTOR PILGRIM CHURCH,
CLEVELAND, O.

This address was delivered at the annual banquet, held in Chamber of Commerce Hall, on January 29th, 1912.

This banquet was the most largely attended of any in the history of the Tippecanoe Club.

William H. Taft, President of the United States, was the guest of honor.

Among the speakers were William R. Coates, President of the Club, Congressman Frank M. Nye of Minnesota, and President Taft.

Mr. Bradley was introduced by Toastmaster, William L. Day, U. S. District Judge.

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It is one of the qualities of this Tippecanoe Club, that it is *loyal* to the men it trusts with leadership—*living*, it follows them unflinchingly in good report and in ill—when they *pass beyond* the strife of tongues and the scowl of envy, it glorifies and honors their memory. It is one of the gracious customs of this Club which for all the three score and ten years of its history has stood for the highest and best things in political life, that once a year it comes and lays a fresh and fragrant wreath upon the memory of its most illustrious member who has gone to be with the immortals, typifying in that memorial to him its love and reverence for *all* those saints in its Calendar "who from their labors rest."

For of all the long list of noble men whom it has admired and followed in peace and in war, in the front rank of political strife, or in the quiet efforts to organize and furnish the sinews of the fight—of all that long

list from Wm. Henry Harrison down, a glorious company of men who "went abroad redressing human wrong," William McKinley stood to represent the truest spirit of high patriotic resolve. So that he has come to embody for us the ideals of a citizenship which dares, and suffers, and achieves, and knows no fear except dishonor, and recognizes that nothing but cowardice is to be counted as defeat.

And it needs scarcely to be said here that this Tippecanoe Club is engaged in no perfunctory task when it honors *his* memory who 69 years ago was born of the plain iron worker of Niles, Ohio. We have not been engaged as a Club in stoning our prophets when living, and white-washing their tombs when they are dead, while shedding copious but reptilian tears. This Club believed in McKinley, stood by him in victory and never forsook him in defeat, and when the storm of financial failure came, and that wilder tempest of calumny beat upon him—men here in this room pledged their personal credit and risked their personal reputations as they rallied about him—even more enthusiastically than ever, and in the teeth of sneers and jibes backed him for the Governorship and for higher honors, and marched triumphantly through the streets of St. Louis—as it helped to place him at the head of the great party, which once more in the hour of the nation's poverty and disaster, should win a deeper crimson for the old flag. And it was a member of this very Club, who as the fighting general of the Republican party in 1896, organized and informed the intelligence of this mighty nation, to meet the subtle sophistries of repudiation and socialistic folly and defeat the schemes of misguided men who would have led the republic to the brink of ruin. I refer to our beloved

friend and comrade and the friend of McKinley, Marcus A. Hanna. So the Tippecanoe Club now honors McKinley in sincerity and in truth, because it did not need to be converted to his principles after his death. For the Tippecanoe Club, while it has sometimes gone down to defeat, has never in defeat lowered its flag. It may have been sometimes whipped, but it never has been *yellow*, and in the campaign which is before us, its blood is red, and its brain is clear, and its purpose is unwavering and its loyalty is wholly and lovingly to him whom it followed to victory in 1908, the great wise President of the Republic, Wm. H. Taft. And revering and honoring McKinley's memory after he has gone, it declares to the world, now, what kind of man it delights to follow and honor in life as well as in death.

As each year goes by, you bring to this occasion notable tributes of strong and eloquent utterance. But as I read over these annual addresses preserved in your archieves, my own heart sank—at the task given to me. For they have been kings of speech who have here delivered their tender eulogies, and "what can a man do who cometh after the king?" But I comfort myself that even if my little modest wreath of bay, shall seem to be inadequate as compared to those opulent offerings of roses and of orchids with which our hero's memory has hitherto been decorated, still there will be a certain distinction added to it because there sits with us here in the banquet hall to lend it grace, that living leader of our loyal hearts and the friend of McKinley, the greatest Republican of us all.

So let me briefly take as my topic, Wm. McKinley, the typical citizen, from the standpoint of our Tippecanoe Club. And for my text, let me go to the great

poet of modern spirit, Tennyson, for this word, modified to suit our own land and time, "Not once or twice in our fair country's story—the path of duty was the way to glory."

"He, that ever following her commands,
On, with toil of heart, and knees, and hands,
Thro' the long gorge, to the far light, has won
His path upward and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun."

The word *duty* spells the career of our hero. Whatever may have been his relation to it in the early life of home and school—it faced him with stern and grizzly front—when the call came to Ohio men to defend the flag. He was then 18. On July 21, 1861—the Union forces had suffered the disastrous defeat of Bull Run. Nine days later when the cause looked dark, Wm. McKinley enlisted as a private soldier. That was prophetic of the man. A year later this boy of 19, a sergeant in the line, was carrying hot coffee and warm meat at the peril of his life to the men of the 23rd Ohio on the firing line at the bloody battle of Antietam. For that brave deed Gov. Tod gave him a lieutenant's commission, and Col. Hayes, afterward President, appointed him to his staff. As the war closed, Abraham Lincoln brevetted him Major, for gallant and meritorious service, at the battles of Opequan, Cedar Creek and Fisher's Hill. So ended that chapter. The boy who shouldered his musket because it was *duty*—had climbed the rugged cliff by personal bravery and daring—and thereafter we all called him tenderly and lovingly "Major," for he had earned the name.

Twelve years go by, the Major has meanwhile been studying law and finding a place for himself in the world's work which no longer needed soldiers. More pathetic than the College graduate without a job or a profession, was the plight of these young ex-soldiers who mustered out in 1865 had spent four years away from home, and out of touch with ordinary life. An immigrant could get a job on the railroad or the factory—but what could a young man of 22 do, after a life in the field and camp, especially if he had a title to uphold? How could a Major be a Freshman in College or dig a ditch? But Wm. McKinley cherished no illusions and got busy at once with his profession. In 1868 he won the position of Prosecuting Attorney of Stark County, the only Republican elected in a Democratic county.

Eight years later in '76, he was drafted to contest the Democratic district, the old 18th—for a seat in Congress. Once more it was the call of duty to defend a cause. And that cause was the establishment of laws that should put the opportunity to labor within reach of every laboring man. It was a losing cause then. The people were clamoring for a reduction of war-taxes. All the Colleges were teaching Free-trade. The inflation of paper money had come to an end—and the pinch of a contracted specie basis was squeezing the life out of business—and people unreasonably clamored against the war tariff. McKinley, the iron worker, instinctively stood for the protection of the American worker against foreign competition; for an industrial rather than an exclusively agricultural development as he had as a boy instinctively stood for freedom and the Union. It was the call of duty and he started in to make the fight which raged fiercely and incessantly

for twenty years till, in 1896—the people overwhelmingly endorsed the American system and made him President. In that first fight in the fall of '76 he won the district, and won it again, tho' those were Democratic years; for Samuel J. Tilden had swept the country against Republican ideas, and the old party appeared to be crumbling to pieces. With varying fortunes the fight went on. The Major won his district once by 8 votes—but a hostile majority in the House unseated him. But he came back. Finally in 1890, he secured the passage of the McKinley bill—but the Democrats had redistricted the district and crowded him out, while the McKinley bill was rebuked by the execration of the people. The outcry recently heard against the Payne-Aldrich bill was as a gentle zephyr compared with the furious cyclone that caught the men who voted for the McKinley bill and buried them. Scarcely enough Republicans were elected to fill the minority share of the Committees of the House. At every fireside, in every laborer's home, up and down the country highways, men and women were taught to despise McKinley because he was taxing the tin dishes of the kitchen, and the tin pail of the working man. It was a terrible slaughter, that election of 1890, paving the way for the triumph of Cleveland in 1892 and the panic of 1893. Yet the tin plate duty of the McKinley bill actually transferred to America that great and growing industry employing thousands of men.

We men who shout and vote and have no call to hold office have little idea of the life of the man who tries to do his duty amid the rancor of political clamor —and suffers silently the barbed and poisoned arrow of cartoon and inuendo, and the gloating brutality that

encounters a man who is outvoted in an effort to follow his well-formed convictions.

The Minie bullet and the bursting shrapnel are merciful as compared with the vicious darts of the irresponsible scribbler in an editorial den. For you can shoot back in open battle—but how are you ever to reach the rhinoceros' hide of the villain who sends out his venomous slur from the secure hiding place of the newspaper office? Yet in all these years of fierce political contest, McKinley never lost control of his own spirit. I remember how as a College man, I read with swelling pride his modest speech defending the title to his seat—when a hostile majority in the House had determined to unseat him, though he had 8 votes more than his rival. It was a man's appeal for justice—made in vain to that tribunal—but not in vain to the higher Court—for the people of his district sent him back the following year. Then when they gerymandered his Congressional district he made no complaint—but the people made him Governor. In all of this there was no word of bitterness or rancor from him—and since that time the American people have been less willing to allow political passion to work its evil will. Since the days of McKinley—gerymanders have become unpopular—and never since then has Congress unseated a man for political reasons. For he taught the nation—the chivalry of political contest without personal malice. For twenty years McKinley did his duty without fear or favor, making laws that blessed and benefited every man and woman and child under the flag—laws that developed our resources, created great States out of the desert, spanned the continent with double rails and pipe lines—and offered work to every idle arm and every unoccupied brain in our grow-

ing nation. For who is the greatest benefactor of his kind? Is it he who bestows his goods to feed the poor? He is entitled to great credit for his generosity. Or is it he who having amassed a great fortune endows Colleges and builds libraries—to extend the blessings of letters and the arts? Certainly his meed of praise is sure. But is he not rather the greatest of all these—who gives his life to enabling other men to earn their own happiness, and amass their own modest competence, and secure education and culture for their own children, by placing within their reach that self-respecting work which makes men—strong and good men, who love their homes and their country.

That was the service of McKinley in his 20 years of grueling combat for the American system. He put value into every rod of real estate—he reinforced the good right arm of every honest man—he made it possible for the American brain to conquer the obstacles of nature—and create a great workshop on the American continent. In so doing he prodigiously increased the scope and influence of American moral and spiritual ideals—and caused the nation to leap forward with accelerated pace in its march toward human happiness. When the Dingley bill was passed in 1897, McKinley's great service for industry was completed—and the nation took its rightful place of influence and power among the mighty workmen of mankind.

And that brings me again to the text with which I started. "Not once or twice in our fair country's story—the path of duty was the way to glory." With the principle of protection to American industry established once more, until perchance, a later generation made prosperous, should forget the lessons of industrial disaster; there loomed upon the southern hori-

zon the shadow of war. No man ever struggled in a more agonized Gethsemane, that that bitter cup should pass, than McKinley. But the war was inevitable and however disagreeable and distasteful, he waged it to a satisfactory conclusion. In its final settlement he inflicted upon Spain no needless humiliation, and a huge indemnity was paid to a nation who was well rid of colonies that only sapped her life. It is a certain proof that President McKinley's magnanimous treatment of an unfortunate nation was appreciated by the Spanish people, that when peace was made, Spain's friendship was preserved and abides secure. But there remained for him the severest question of duty, that ever confronted him. What should be his policy regarding this territory added to the flag with its ignorant populations far away over seas? Was the Constitution big enough and flexible enough to reach to the Igorrote and the Moro? There were no precedents to follow. The easy course was apparent, and a majority of Americans favored it. To scuttle out of the Phillipines, and let the poor devils fight it out among themselves, or, turn them over for a consideration to ambitious world powers like Germany and Japan, and recover in their price the total cost of the war. The more difficult and kindly plan was to occupy the place of benevolent guardian to these weak and ignorant peoples, and at great sacrifice lead them gently into ways of civilization and peace.

But to do that involved a new conception of our national duty—a larger realization of the brotherhood of man—a profounder grasp upon the fact that the ideals of the American republic belonged not only to its own citizens but to all mankind. President McKinley was fortunate at that time in having at his side a

group of the wisest, truest, biggest men who ever constituted a President's advisers and aides; such men as Elihu Root, Judge Day, John Hay and Wm. H. Taft with McKinley, could solve any political or legal or administrative problem ever presented to the puzzled mind of man. Such a group sitting in seats of power at Berlin or London or Paris today would assure the peace of humanity for all time. That he was able to summon such intellectual and moral giants to his aid, and hold their loyalty in a grip so firm and free from jealousy, marks him one of the strongest figures in our history. It was clear that to keep and administer the Phillipines and Porto Rico while surrendering Cuba to its people, would require great sacrifice, incur terrible political danger, and invite the sentimental execration of millions of good people. But "once more the path of duty was the way to glory" and McKinley as always, so then, followed it—with unflinching feet, with the result that the nation found itself not only patiently sitting down to teach the little brown men how to live the life of civilized folk, but unexpectedly found itself face to face with tremendous issues in Japan and in China—and ready, because of its presence at Manila to lend a hand at the birth pangs of a new and yet to be glorious civilization in old Cathay. A hundred years from now—nay a thousand years from today when justice and peace shall prevail everywhere—historians will tell with eloquence of that decision of Mr. McKinley, not to turn over Manila to Aguinaldo—not to scuttle out of the orient; not to sneak the old flag away from the disagreeable muddle in the western Pacific—but to stay and organize, and teach school and insist upon the "open door" and present before the land-hungry military powers of Europe

the calm, undisturbed, yet resolute front, of a free people and a powerful; who wanted nothing *but justice* in the orient, and would be content with nothing *short of justice* in the dealing of the nations at Peking. When he stood before the people for the last time at Buffalo—the nation that had trusted him found itself under his leadership at the summit of its glory and wealth and power.

So the memory of our hero is secure. For the achievements of his life are the heritage of all mankind. Not only in Canton and in Cleveland will they speak of him, but in lands beyond the seas, under the tropical skies, under the palms of Cuba, the bamboos of Mindanao and the pines of Manchuria, the school teacher will gather her brood of brown faced or slant-eyed boys and girls—and tell of the days when Spain hauled down her flag at Havana, or when Russian and German, and Frenchman and Japanese camped in Peking to parcel out the land of celestials—of those days when there rose up one strong, patient, soldierly man in the Capitol at Washington—who stayed the fury of disorder in the islands, and broke up the plans of the national bandits in China, and made the beginning of a new Nation in the Carribean Sea, and saved the oldest nation from dissolution in the dragon land. And in accents strange to us, and out of the mouths of babes and sucklings yet unborn, there will be paid to him the tribute of little children upon whose country and whose homes he laid the gentle hand of peace.

"His work is done.
But while the races of mankind endure
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure,
Till in all lands, and thro' all human story
The path of duty be the way to glory."

WILLIAM McKINLEY—MAN AND PATRIOT.

ANDREW B. MELDRUM, D. D.

This address has been kindly furnished the publishers in advance of its delivery at the annual McKinley Day banquet, to insure its publication in this volume. It will be enough to say that while going to press arrangements are under way for this meeting at the Hotel Statler and distinguished speakers are expected, and interest in the occasion was never more deep and keen.

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I have not the slightest hope at this time of being able to say anything new. But no matter. It may be good for me to say and good for you to hear what has often been said, and as often heard before. We do not become weary with the countenance of a beloved friend, though we look upon it every day. Neither do we regard it as a waste of time to recall the familiar qualities of head and of heart which, in a friend no longer by our side, commanded our esteem and won our enthusiastic devotion. To contemplate the nobleness of a noble man, helps to make that nobleness our own. The recognition of greatness is next in rank to the possession of it. The things that really count in memory are the things of character. The ultimate standard of judgment among men is a moral one. Death clears off all adventitious and accidental details, clarifies vision and shows us the essential things in a man's life. When judgment is thus purified by the fact of death, our standard becomes not capacity but character. Reputation takes on a moral coloring. Instinctively we feel that there is but one thing that really counts; other things drop off and disappear. Things take a different

perspective. Some of the things that once counted most fall into the background, and the simple qualities of moral character stand in their natural precedence. The memory of a good man is blessed. The memory of a bad man is infamy. This is the rule of history and experience, though we may think we can point to exceptions. Against this rule are the oft-quoted, classical lines which Shakespeare makes Anthony say of Julius Caesar,

"The evil that men do, lives after them.
The good is oft interred with their bones."

We need to bear in mind that the great Dramatist puts these words into the mouth of a schemer, a man who is playing on the passions of the crowd. On the whole, the opposite of Anthony's words is true. The good of a man's life does not die; and certainly it is only for the good that we ever bless him.

Great men there have been—admired, yet not beloved. Great men there have been—beloved, yet not admired. Tonight we honor the memory of a great man who was admired and beloved—one in whom there was a wonderful blending of the strong and the gentle elements—the virility which commands esteem and the tenderness that evokes affection—the strength we admire, and the simplicity we love.

There are present this evening those far more competent than I to estimate his ability as a statesman, and to pass judgment upon his political achievements and his policies. As to these, there must necessarily be wide differences of opinion. About these, I am not greatly concerned tonight. The esteem and admiration of those who followed his leadership—convinced that the principles of which he was the representative exponent, were the truest and the safest for the nation

—were no more deep or sincere than those of the men who followed another standard under the conviction that his policies were mistaken and unsafe. But as to William McKinley, the man, there is but one opinion on the part of those whose judgment is entitled to respect. That opinion is that he represented the most exalted type of American citizenship. Apart from his political career and achievements, apart from his association with the stirring and momentous events that made his administration memorable, whatever the future has to say of these things, this is certain, that the name of William McKinley shall shine in history as it does today, as that of a man whose personal character was above reproach—who in all the relations of life, public and private, discharged his duty with unfaltering fidelity under the momentum of the purest and noblest motives that can animate the purpose or determine the action of a man; and in the generations to come, his memory shall be an incentive to every true-hearted American youth to seek that nobility—that truest and realest nobility—that is at once the root and the fruit of earnest faith, strict integrity and honest endeavor.

He was a patriot of the most high-minded—the pure hearted sort. He loved his country with a love that was enlightened, unselfish and sincere. He was a politician and a partisan, yet neither in any small, restricted or unworthy sense. In the minds of small men, politics has a small and contemptible meaning. With such, its chief significance is public office and the emoluments appertaining thereunto. With such, political life means a scramble for political spoils at whatever cost of personal integrity and honor. With such, politics is one thing, and patriotism is another. They

have no vital relation. The principles worth fighting for and worth struggling for are the principles that will carry the party and win the plunder. No such narrow, selfish, contemptible conception of politics or of political life had he whose memory we this day honor and bless. Politician he was, but who can say that he ever prostituted politics into a means of personal aggrandizement? Political offices he held from that of County Prosecuting Attorney to that of the nation's Chief Executive; but who has ventured to suggest that for any office he ever held, he was at any moment willing to compromise principle, or make his self-respect and conscience articles of barter and exchange? He was as far above the small politicians to whom politics and spoils are synomyous terms as the eagle is above the bat. When he entered public life, he took his conscience with him; and on that sad day when he fell under the assassin's bullet, his conscience was as clean and his self-respect as unimpaired as on the day he set forth. I am saying now what has been said again and again by those who were his political opponents, as well as by those who were his political friends and supporters. His whole career is, on the one hand, a noble object lesson, much needed by those who stand aloof from politics under the false impression that to be interested in politics is to suffer personal contamination; and on the other hand, a salutary rebuke to those who regard political life as furnishing a suitable opportunity of furthering one's own selfish and mercenary interests. William McKinley fought his political battles under the impetus of the same pure patriotic motives, as those which sent him out, a mere stripling, to fight for the preservation of the Union. With him, patriotism and politics were one and the

same. Higher than all considerations of personal success—higher than any party in his esteem was the United States of America. He followed the banner of a great political party, because that party, in his judgment, represented principles that were best fitted to advance the nation's welfare. And the great need of the nation today is men of this type and breed; men who cherish his conceptions of the duties and responsibilities of citizenship; men who can take a lively interest in political affairs, and from the dust and heat of political conflict come forth with hands clean and conscience unstained as his; men who in private life and public office command the esteem that belongs to those who bear a character above reproach.

Honor, then, to him "who, though dead, yet speaketh" of a patriotism at once pure, noble and unselfish! Gratitude and loving remembrance to him whose example teaches youth and age alike, that devotion to country is duty to God, and that it is possible to go through the vicissitudes of a long public career, and close that career with a name untarnished and a personal character clean as the wings of a dove.

As the census taker counts men, the nation has men enough. What is needed is not more men, but more *man*. William McKinley was the right sort of politician because primarily he was the right sort of man. We honor his memory not because his judgment was inerrant, not because he was incapable of making mistakes, but because his motives were always pure; not because we always had confidence in his opinions and policies, but because we had confidence in *him*. We honor him because he stood by his convictions, and because in utterance and in action, he honored truth as he was given to see it. We honor him because from

first to last his manhood was clean, strong, brave, resolute and self-reliant. To every trust he was unfaltering faithful. In the invincible consciousness of personal rectitude, he stood ever strong, with an eye that could look every man straight in the face—with a heart that scorned the brief-lived triumph won by trickery and by fraud—with a mind that labored out convictions consonant with justice and truth, and with a will to carry these convictions into practical operation.

"To achieve success and fame, you must pursue a special line," said President Hayes. "You must not make a speech on every motion offered or bill introduced. Confine yourself to one particular thing. Become a specialist. Take up some branch of legislation and master that. Why not take up the subject of tariff? That being a subject that will not be settled for years to come, it offers a great field for study and a chance for ultimate fame." With these words of President Hayes ringing in his ears, William McKinley began studying the tariff, and in time became one of the foremost authorities on that complex subject; and that day in 1890 on which the McKinley Tariff Bill was passed in the House of Congress, must always stand as the supreme day of his congressional career. With even the salient features of that famous enactment, I may not deal just now. It is pertinent only to say that it was the concrete embodiment and expression of the results of William McKinley's study and observation through years. It represented those principles which, in his judgment, as a painstaking and intelligent student, were essential to the nurture and development of those industries upon which the prosperity of the Republic must be securely founded. That

bill was reviled, but the revilings were silenced by the hum of busy machinery. It was attacked and ridiculed by political opponents, but the working man had employment and his dinner pail was full. The people learned the true value of that Tariff legislation, when under an administration adverse to it, there came a period of industrial paralysis and depression that fell with special severity upon the great body of toilers of the country. Agriculture languished and labor suffered. Business conditions were most unpromising. Commercial confidence was shaken. The credit of the government and the integrity of its currency were threatened. Then the people, having learned the value of their blessings by the loss of them, lifted up their voice, and William McKinley was called to the most honorable and responsible position within the gift of any nation on the face of the earth—that of President of the United States. That was the people's thundering "Amen" to the principles and policies embodied in the McKinley Bill. Then and there set in a tide of national prosperity such as this country had never known. Confidence was restored. Business settled down to a normal, stable basis. Capital found opportunity for profitable investment in such enterprises as provided work, and labor found plenty to do at something more than a mere living wage. The Inaugural Address of President McKinley, as he entered upon his first term, is one of the most splendidly fearless and patriotic utterances ever delivered by a public servant. He realized profoundly the responsibility resting upon him. He knew how severely his principles and policies were to be put to the test. He was well aware of the abuses that would inevitably spring out of the success of these economic policies. He anticipated the very

conditions which confront the nation today. Sixteen years after their utterance these ringing words of his might have been spoken today: "Immunity should be granted to none who violate the laws, whether individuals, corporations or communities. As the Constitution imposes upon the President the duty of both its own execution and of the statutes enacted in pursuance of its provisions, I shall endeavor to carry them into effect. The declaration of the party now restored to power has been in the past, that of opposition to all combinations of capital organized in trusts or otherwise, to control arbitrarily the conditions of trade among our citizens; and it has supported such legislation as will prevent the execution of all schemes to oppress the people by undue charges on their supplies, or by unjust rates for the transportation of their products to the markets. This purpose will be steadily pursued, both by the enforcement of the laws now in existence, and the recommendation and support of such new laws as may be necessary to carry it into effect." These brave and honest words were his reply to the charge of his adversaries that his policies contemplated the advantage of the few rather than the many—the classes rather than the masses. They were not uttered in any spirit of bravado. Confident as he was in his theories of tariff, and in their power, when reduced to law, to restore national prosperity, he was determined that the benefits derived therefrom should be shared by all the people, and they were shared by all the people, and the people knew that a high-minded patriot occupied the Presidential Chair, guarding their interests and legislating for their weal; and when the time arrived once more for them to lift up their voice, there was another thunderous and unequivocal

"*Amen*," to the wise and beneficient achievements of himself and his administration.

While his economic policies were working their wonders in the restoration of commercial confidence and industrial prosperity, the wisdom and statesmanship of William McKinley were to be put to another test. At the very doors of the American Republic lay an island whose people were writhing under the curse of worse than mediaeval tyranny and misrule. The situation in Cuba had grown intolerable. It became obvious that if this nation would retain its own self-respect, it must step in and prevent further oppression and cruelty. President McKinley addressed himself to this unwonted duty. It is a long story, but a story most honorable to him of whom we speak. He realized the awful horrors of war, for he himself had been through it. He was loath to call his countrymen from the pursuits of peaceful industry to engage in the clash of arms. For this reluctance, he was derided by his foes, chided even by his friends. He possessed his soul in patience, and "endured as seeing Him who is invisible." Only when every pacific means failed did he put the bugle to his lips and sound the appeal to arms. Then followed what truly has been termed the "most righteous and brilliantly successful foreign war" that any country had ever waged. He who had fought his own country's battle—who had labored so zealously that his own countrymen might enjoy the blessings of industrial and commercial prosperity, now became leader in a campaign whose object was the permanent relief of the down-trodden and the oppressed. It was a war in behalf of humanity. It was the practical expression of that axiom of Christian ethics as it applies to nations as well as to individuals, "Ye then

who are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak." It was a war in behalf of enlightened justice and liberty, as against mediaeval tyranny and oppression. Whenever the Almighty has had need of some great outstanding character—some leader—some ruler or champion or martyr, He has never yet failed to raise up just the man to fill the bill. Every epoch of progress, every vital movement has its great man. This has been the law throughout the ages. The heat of an intense crisis seems to fuse common human clay into figures almost Godlike for the world to marvel at for all time. It was in the Providence of God that in the crisis to which the nation had come, she was represented in her highest seat of authority by a man of such absolute poise and sanity, such patience and love of peace, such appreciation of common justice and humanity, such purity of principle and motive, that, when the war was over, and Spanish oppression had been driven from Cuba and from the far off islands of the Pacific forever, even the adversary that had been crushed, owned the magnanimity and humanity of the hand that had dealt the blow. The true statesman is more than a man who can manipulate social and political forces to the advantage of the nation. He is one who guides the currents of national life into the channels he builds out of institutions and laws, so that they go to swell the volume and the power of the world's life. He is endowed with the genius to see how the forces at work in his own age can be so directed and handled as to advance the interest of every human being. He is the man who can discern the things which are essential—pre-eminent—absolutely needful to be done, and then bend strong energies to the achievement of them; or, to use Emer-

son's words, "with strength equal to the time, still wise to entertain and swift to execute the policy which the mind and heart of mankind require." He of whom we speak tonight met these qualifications in a signal manner. He was a statesman, a high-souled, pure-hearted patriot,

"Who never sold the truth to save the hour,
Nor paltered with Eternal God for power."

William McKinley was beloved as well as esteemed—beloved for his personal qualities as well as admired for those statesmanly qualities which fitted him in so pre-eminent a degree for the Presidential Chair. Like Abraham Lincoln in this respect, he was ever in close touch with the common people. He never lost his head nor became high and lifted up. He knew what it was to pass through the chilling waters of adversity. He experienced stint and loss and hardship, and these but brought him closer to the heart of the great toiling and suffering masses. There is nothing that embitters a people more than the sense that those who hold the reins of government, do not know what life is for a poor man. If they had ever done a week of hard physical toil, or had experienced the wearing anxiety for bread, they would speak in another tone. Government everywhere suffers through its lack of knowledge of what life means to the mass of the governed. Adversity is no flatterer; and whatever a man's endowment, it requires adversity to make him feel what things really are. "A prince without letters," says old Ben Johnson, "is a pilot without eyes. All his government is groping." That is a phrase which describes a considerable part of the legislation of both political parties. It is groping, and one principal want is knowl-

edge; and not least of all, knowledge of what life is for the hard-driven and the poor. William McKinley was no self-constituted model of humility. He was no boastful champion of the poor man's cause, yet the toilers of the nation knew that he was their brother; and even when elevated to the highest and most honorable position in the land, they knew and felt how every word and deed—his whole public and private deportment, asserted his community of interest with them rather than his separateness from them; and the people—the common people, believed in him and loved him.

He was a Christian man of the noblest type. I do not mention this as though it were incidental or secondary. His religion influenced and dominated his whole life. It was not a matter of dogma or of ritual. It was a matter of life—every day *Life*. He was a Church member not because that was a respectable thing to be, but because he esteemed it a privilege to be identified with an institution that represented Christianity in an organic form, and because he believed it the duty of every Christian man to avow his principles and show his colors. He was no more ashamed of his religion than he was of his politics. He never found his religion irksome or inconvenient. His home in Canton or in Washington was a Christian home. Towards his invalid wife, his attitude and deportment was that of a chivalrous knight. Wherever he was—in the quiet seclusion of his own home—among familiar acquaintances and neighbors, or among the statesmen—senators—secretaries and ambassadors of the national capital, he was ever the same true-hearted, honest, upright Christian gentleman.

How pathetic, beautiful—ay, how deeply significant, the last hours of that noble career. It has become to us a familiar picture; the man who had known all the joys, all the honors that could be given any man to know; the man whose hand had held the helm of this great republic, and whose wisdom had guided her course through a time of grave crisis; that man in whom centered so much of human love and admiration, now in his last hours of consciousness feebly chanting the old hymn that he had loved from childhood—through youth and through manhood—

"Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee,
E'en tho' it be a cross that raiseth me.
Still all my song shall be
Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee."

and then breathing forth that prayer of all prayers—that prayer of all the ages, "Our Father which art in Heaven." No anxiety concerning himself in these last trying hours. His solicitude was only for others and especially for the tender woman who for so many years had been nearest and dearest to him, and for whom he had cared with such unceasing and chivalrous devotion. As he lived, so he died—the great man—the brave, honest man; patriot, statesman, Christian.

There is nothing the nation needs more than men of the stamp and quality of him of whom we speak. The nation is safe just so long as true manhood is placed above everything else. Integrity—honor—justice and the fear of God, these are the foundation stones upon which we must build if we would build securely. Beware of the leader who, with genius, talent, and eloquence, is lacking in those deeper personal qualities which alone can make it safe to follow him. The need of the hour is not genius but manhood. Not men of

great talent but men of unquestionable integrity and irreproachable moral character. This is a great time in which to live, and every man of thought is bound, with wholesome courage to recognize its greatness. And just because it is a time of greatness it is a time of peril. The peril of the age is materialism. The materialism of pleasure by which he who is captured by it, is made soft—effeminate—feebly self-indulgent. The materialism of business, destroying the symmetry of manhood by the abnormal growth of the commercial instinct—making a man to grow in adverse ratio to his success. The materialism of unbelief, robbing life of its potential heroism by destroying faith in the spiritual and the unseen—putting out the lamp and the altar fires within the sanctuary, and building up with dead masonry—eastward and westward—the windows through which our fathers looked out upon the face of God. There is nothing on earth that so diminishes the size of character as the renunciation of faith's eternal and infinite aspirations. To resist these temptations and to stand forth as true men—honoring manhood above all gains or glories—above all adventitious or accidental circumstances whatsoever, is the one supreme demand of the age; and this is the one supreme, cogent lesson that comes to us from the career of that great and splendid American whose memory we honor. Over the door of every profession—of every occupation, there is this standing advertisement, "Wanted, men with conscience."

"Men whom the lust of office does not kill,
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy,
Men who possess opinions and a will,
Men who have honor, men who will not lie.

Men who can stand before a demagogue
And scorn his treacherous flatteries, without winking.
Tall men, sun-crowned who live above the fog,
In public duty and in private thinking."

It was because William McKinley answered that description that tonight we honor ourselves by honoring his memory. It is because he was such a man that we bless God for the inspiration of which we are conscious as we look back upon his life and recall his noble career; and because he was such a man, we are assured that he "though dead, yet speaketh." In all he was—in all he did—in all he put into the life of the nation he loved so truly and served so faithfully—in every conscious inspiration caught by us today from that complete and noble career, he lives and will ever live. His influence will still be felt here among us by every man who loves his country and strives for a more perfect realization of all that is true and pure here on earth.

"Such was he. His work is done.
But while the races of mankind endure,
Colossal—seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure;
Let his great example stand—
Till in all land and through all human story,
The path of duty be the path to glory."

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TIPPECANOE CLUB

Passing the Reviewing Stand at the Dedication of the McKinley Monument, Canton, Ohio

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MEMORIAL ADDRESS ON THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF WILLIAM McKINLEY

HON. JOHN HAY

This panegyric was delivered before the two Houses of Congress February 27th, 1902, in the Hall of the House of Representatives in the National Capitol. The President of the United States and his Cabinet, His Royal Highness, Prince Henry of Prussia, members of the diplomatic corps, Justices of the Supreme Court, governors of states and other distinguished guests were present.

William P. Frye, President *pro tempore* of the Senate, introduced the speaker.

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Once more, and for the third time, the Congress of the United States are assembled to commemorate the life and death of a President slain by the hand of an assassin. The attention of the future historian will be attracted to the features which re-appear with startling sameness in all three of these awful crimes: the uselessness, the utter lack of consequence of the act; the obscurity, the insignificance of the criminal; the blamelessness—so far as in our sphere of existence the best of men may be held blameless—of the victim. Not one of our murdered Presidents should have had an enemy in the world; they were all of such pre-eminent purity of life that no pretext could be given for the attack of passional crime; they were all men of democratic instincts who could never have offended the most jealous advocates of equality; they were of kindly and generous nature, to whom wrong or injustice was impossible; of moderate fortune, whose slender means nobody could envy. They were men of austere virtue, of tender heart, of eminent abilities,

which they had devoted with single minds to the good of the Republic. If ever men walked before God and man without blame, it was these three rulers of our people. The only temptation to attack their lives offered was their gentle radiance; to eyes hating the light that was offense enough.

The stupid uselessness of such an infamy affronts the common sense of the world. One can conceive how the death of a dictator may change the political conditions of an empire; how the extinction of a narrowing line of kings may bring in an alien dynasty. But in a well-ordered Republic like ours, the ruler may fall, but the state feels no tremor. Our beloved and revered leader is gone; but the natural process of our laws provides us a successor, identical in purpose and ideals, nourished by the same teachings, inspired by the same principles, pledged by tender affection as well as by high loyalty to carry to completion the immense task committed to his hands, and to smite with iron severity every manifestation of that hideous crime which his mild predecessor, with his dying breath, forgave. The sayings of celestial wisdom have no date; the words that reach us, over two thousand years, out of the darkest hour of gloom the world has ever known, are true to the life to-day: "They know not what they do." The blow struck at our dear friend and ruler was as deadly as blind hate could make it; but the blow struck at anarchy was deadlier still.

What a world of insoluble problems such an event excites in the mind! Not merely in its personal, but in its public aspects, it presents a paradox not to be comprehended. Under a system of government so free and so impartial that we recognize its existence

only by its benefactions; under a social order so purely democratic that classes can not exist in it, affording opportunities so universal that even conditions are as changing as the winds, where the laborer of to-day is the capitalist of to-morrow; under laws which are the result of ages of evolution, so uniform and so beneficent that the President has just the same rights and privileges as the artisan, we see the same hellish growth of hatred and murder which dogs equally the footsteps of benevolent monarchs and blood-stained despots.

How many centuries can join with us in the community of a kindred sorrow! I will not speak of those distant regions where assassination enters into the daily life of government. But among the nations bound to us by the ties of familiar intercourse—who can forget that wise and high-minded autocrat who had earned the proud title of the Liberator, that enlightened and magnanimous citizen whom France still mourns, that brave and chivalrous King of Italy who only lived for his people, and, saddest of all, that lovely and sorrowing Empress whose harmless life could hardly have excited the animosity of a demon? Against that devilish spirit nothing avails—neither virtue, nor patriotism, nor age nor youth, nor conscience nor pity. We can not even say that education is a sufficient safeguard against this baleful evil, for most of the wretches whose crimes have so shocked humanity in recent years are men not unlettered, who have gone from the common schools, through murder, to the scaffold.

Our minds can not discern the origin nor conceive the extent of wickedness so perverse and so cruel; but

this does not exempt us from the duty of trying to control and counteract it. We do not understand what electricity is; whence it comes or what its hidden properties may be. But we know it as a mighty force for good or evil—and so with the painful toil of years, men of learning and skill have labored to store and to subjugate it, to neutralize and even to employ its destructive energies. This problem of anarchy is dark and intricate, but it ought to be within the compass of democratic government—although no sane mind can fathom the mysteries of these untracked and orbitless natures—to guard against their aberrations, to take away from them the hope of escape, the long luxury of scandalous days in court, the unwholesome sympathy of hysterical degenerates, and so by degrees to make the crime not worth committing, even to these abnormal and distorted souls.

It would be presumptuious for me in this presence to suggest the details of remedial legislation for a malady so malignant. That task may safely be left to the skill and patience of the national Congress, which have never been found unequal to any such emergency. The country believes that the memory of three murdered comrades of yours, all of whose voices still haunt these walls, will be a sufficient inspiration to enable you to solve even this abstruse and painful problem, which has dimmed so many pages of history with blood and with tears.

Before an audience less sympathetic than this, I should not dare to speak of that great career which we have met to commemorate. But we are all his friends, and friends do not criticise each other's words about an open grave. I thank you for the honor you have done me in inviting me here, and not less for the kind

forbearance I know I shall have from you in my most inadequate efforts to speak of him worthily.

The life of William McKinley was, from his birth to his death, typically American. There is no environment, I should say, anywhere else in the world which could produce just such a character. He was born into that way of life which elsewhere is called the middle class, but which in this country is so nearly universal as to make of other classes an almost negligible quantity. He was neither rich nor poor, neither proud nor humble; he knew no hunger he was not sure of satisfying, no luxury which could enervate mind or body. His parents were sober, God-fearing people; intelligent and upright; without pretension and without humility. He grew up in the company of boys like himself—wholesome, honest, self-respecting.

They looked down on nobody; they never felt it possible they could be looked down upon. Their houses were the homes of probity, piety, patriotism. They learned in the admirable school readers of fifty years ago the lessons of heroic and splendid life which have come down from the past. They read in their weekly newspapers the story of the world's progress, in which they were eager to take part, and of the sins and wrongs of civilization, with which they burned to do battle. It was a serious and thoughtful time. The boys of that day felt dimly, but deeply, that days of sharp struggle and high achievements were before them. They looked at life with the wondering yet resolute eyes of a young esquire in his vigil of arms. They felt a time was coming when to them should be addressed the stern admonition of the Apostle: "Quit you like men; be strong."

It is not easy to give to those of a later generation any clear idea of that extraordinary spiritual awakening which passed over the country at the first red signal fires of the civil war. It was not our earliest apocalypse; a hundred years before the Nation had been revealed to itself, when after long discussion and much searching of heart the people of the colonies had resolved that to live without liberty was worse than to die, and had therefore wagered in the solemn game of war "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor." In a stress of heat and labor unutterable, the country had been hammered and welded together; but thereafter for nearly a century there had been nothing in our life to touch the innermost fountain of feeling and devotion. We had had rumors of wars—even wars we had had, not without sacrifices and glory—but nothing which went to the vital self-consciousness of the country, nothing which challenged the Nation's right to live. But in 1860 the Nation was going down into the Valley of Decision. The question which had been debated on thousands of platforms, which had been discussed in countless publications, which, thundered from innumerable pulpits, had caused in their congregations the bitter strife and dissension to which only cases of conscience can give rise, was everywhere pressing for solution. And not merely in the various channels of publicity was it alive and clamorous. About every fireside in the land, in the conversation of friends and neighbors, and, deeper still, in the secret of millions of human hearts, the battle of opinion was waging; and all men felt and saw—with more or less clearness—that an answer to the importunate question, Shall the Nation Live? was

due, and not to be denied. And I do not mean that in the North alone there was this austere wrestling with conscience. In the South as well, below all the effervescence and excitement of a people perhaps more given to eloquent speech than we were, there was the profound agony of question and answer, the summons to decide whether honor and freedom did not call them to revolution and war. It is easy for partisanship to say that the one side was right and that the other was wrong. It is still easier for an indolent magnanimity to say that both were right. Perhaps in the wide view of ethics one is always right to follow his conscience, though it lead him to disaster and death. But history is inexorable. She takes no account of sentiment and intention; and in her cold and luminous eyes that side is right which fights in harmony with the stars in their courses. The men are right through whose efforts and struggles the world is helped onward, and humanity moves to a higher level and a brighter day.

The men who are living to-day and who were young in 1860 will never forget the glory and glamour that filled the earth and the sky when the long twilight of doubt and uncertainty was ending and the time of action had come. A speech by Abraham Lincoln was an event not only of high moral significance, but of far-reaching importance; the drilling of a militia company by Ellsworth attracted national attention; the fluttering of the flag in the clear sky drew tears from the eyes of young men.

Patriotism, which had been a rhetorical expression, became a passionate emotion, in which instinct, logic, and feeling were fused. The country was worth saving; it could be saved only by fire; no sacrifice was

too great; the young men of the country were ready for the sacrifice; come weal, come woe, they were ready.

At seventeen years of age William McKinley heard this summons of his country. He was the sort of youth to whom a military life in ordinary times would possess no attractions. His nature was far different from that of the ordinary soldier. He had other dreams of life, its prizes and pleasures, than that of marches and battles. But to his mind there was no choice or question. The banner floating in the morning breeze was the beckoning gesture of his country. The thrilling notes of the trumpet called him—him and none other—into the ranks. His portrait in his first uniform is familiar to you all—the short stocky figure; the quiet, thoughtful face; the deep, dark eyes. It is the face of the lad who could not stay at home when he thought he was needed in the field. He was of the stuff of which good soldiers are made. Had he been ten years older he would have entered at the head of a company and come out at the head of a division. But he did what he could. He enlisted as a private; he learned to obey. His serious, sensible ways, his prompt, alert efficiency soon attracted the attention of his superiors. He was so faithful in little things they gave him more and more to do. He was untiring in camp and on the march; swift, cool, and fearless in fight. He left the Army with field rank when the war ended, brevetted by President Lincoln for gallantry in battle.

In coming years when men seek to draw the moral of our great Civil War nothing will seem to them so admirable in all the history of our two magnificent armies as the way in which the war came to a close.

When the Confederate army saw the time had come, they acknowledged the pitiless logic of facts, and ceased fighting. When the army of the Union saw it was no longer needed, without a murmur or question, making no terms, asking no return, in the flush of victory and fullness of might, it laid down its arms and melted back into the mass of peaceful citizens. There is no event, since the Nation was born, which has so proved its solid capacity for self-government. Both sections share equally in that crown of glory. They had held a debate of incomparable importance and had fought it out with equal energy. A conclusion had been reached—and it is to the everlasting honor of both sides that they each knew when the war was over, and the hour of a lasting peace had struck. We may admire the desperate daring of others who prefer annihilation to compromise, but the palm of common sense, and, I will say, of enlightened patriotism, belongs to the men like Grant and Lee, who knew when they had fought enough, for honor and for country.

William McKinley, one of that sensible million of men, gladly laid down his sword and betook himself to his books. He quickly made up the time lost in soldiering. He attacked his Blackstone as he would have done a hostile intrenchment; finding the range of a country law library too narrow, he went to the Albany Law School, where he worked energetically with brilliant success; was admitted to the bar and settled down to practice—a brevetted veteran of twenty-four—in the quiet town of Canton, now and henceforward forever famous as the scene of his life and his place of sepulture. Here many blessings

awaited him: high repute, professional success, and a domestic affection so pure, so devoted and stainless that future poets, seeking an ideal of Christian marriage, will find in it a theme worthy of their songs. This is a subject to which the lightest allusion seems profanation; but it is impossible to speak of William McKinley without remembering that no truer, tenderer knight to his chosen lady ever lived among mortal men.

If to the spirits of the just made perfect is permitted the consciousness of earthly things, we may be sure that his faithful soul is now watching over that gentle sufferer who counts the long hours in their shattered home in the desolate splendor of his fame.

A man possessing the qualities with which nature has endowed McKinley seeks political activity as naturally as a growing plant seeks light and air. A wholesome ambition; a rare power of making friends and keeping them; a faith, which may be called religious, in his country and its institutions; and, flowing from this, a belief that a man could do no nobler work than to serve such a country—these were the elements in his character that drew him irresistibly into public life. He had from the beginning a remarkable equipment, a manner of singular grace and charm, a voice of ringing quality and great carrying power—vast as were the crowds that gathered about him, he reached their utmost fringe without apparent effort. He had an extraordinary power of marshaling and presenting significant facts, so as to bring conviction to the average mind. His range of reading was not wide; he read only what he might some day find useful, and what he read his memory held like brass. Those who knew him well in those early days can never forget the

consummate skill and power with which he would select a few pointed facts, and blow upon blow, would hammer them into the attention of great assemblages in Ohio, as Jael drove the nail into the head of the Canaanite captain. He was not often impassioned; he rarely resorted to the aid of wit or humor; yet I never saw his equal in controlling and convincing a popular audience by sheer appeal to their reason and intelligence. He did not flatter or cajole them, but there was an implied compliment in the serious and sober tone in which he addressed them. He seemed one of them; in heart and feeling he was one of them. Each workingman in a great crowd might say: "That is the sort of man I would like to be, and under more favoring circumstances might have been." He had the divine gift of sympathy, which, though given only to the elect, makes all men their friends.

So it came naturally about that in 1876—the beginning of the second century of the Republic—he began, by an election to Congress, his political career. Thereafter for fourteen years this Chamber was his home. I use the word advisedly. Nowhere in the world was he so in harmony with his environment as here; nowhere else did his mind work with such full consciousness of its powers. The air of debate was native to him; here he drank delight of battle with his peers. In after days, when he drove by this stately pile, or when on rare occasions his duty called him here, he greeted his old haunts with the affectionate zest of a child of the house; during all the last ten years of his life, filled as they were with activity and glory, he never ceased to be homesick for this Hall. When he came to the Presidency there was not a day when his Congres-

sional service was not of use to him. Probably no other President has been in such full and cordial communion with Congress, if we may except Lincoln alone. McKinley knew the legislative body thoroughly—its composition, its methods, its habits of thought. He had the profoundest respect for its authority and an inflexible belief in the ultimate rectitude of its judgments. Our history shows how surely an Executive courts disaster and ruin by assuming an attitude of hostility or distrust to the Legislature; and, on the other hand, McKinley's frank and sincere trust and confidence in Congress were repaid by prompt and loyal support and co-operation. During his entire term of office this mutual trust and regard—so essential to the public welfare—was never shadowed by a single cloud.

He was a Republican. He could not be anything else. A Union soldier grafted upon a Clay Whig, he necessarily believed in the "American system"—in protection to home industries; in a strong, aggressive nationality; in a liberal construction of the Constitution. What any self-reliant nation might rightly do, he felt this Nation had power to do, if required by the common welfare and not prohibited by our written charter.

Following the natural bent of his mind, he devoted himself to questions of finance and revenue, to the essentials of the national housekeeping. He took high rank in the House from the beginning. His readiness in debate, his mastery of every subject he handled, the bright and amiable light he shed about him, and above all the unfailing courtesy and good will with which he treated friend and foe alike—one of the surest signatures of a nature born to great

destinies—made his service in the House a pathway of unbroken success and brought him at last to the all-important post of chairman of Ways and Means and leader of the majority. Of the famous revenue act which, in that capacity, he framed and carried through Congress, it is not my purpose here and now to speak. The embers of the controversy in the midst of which that law had its troubled being are yet too warm to be handled on a day like this. I may only say that it was never sufficiently tested to prove the praises of its friends or the criticism of its opponents. After a brief existence it passed away, for a time, in the storm that swept the Republicans out of power. McKinley also passed through a brief zone of shadow, his Congressional district having been rearranged for that purpose by a hostile legislature.

Someone has said it is easy to love our enemies; they help us so much more than our friends. The people whose malevolent skill had turned McKinley out of Congress deserved well of him and of the Republic. Never was Nemesis more swift and energetic. The Republicans of Ohio were saved the trouble of choosing a governor—the other side had chosen one for them. A year after McKinley left Congress he was made governor of Ohio, and two years later he was re-elected, each time by majorities unhoped for and overwhelming. He came to fill a space in the public eye which obscured a great portion of the field of vision. In two national conventions the Presidency seemed within his reach. But he had gone there in the interest of others and his honor forbade any dalliance with temptation. So his nay was nay—delivered with a tone and gesture there was no denying. His hour was not yet come.

There was, however, no long delay. He became, from year to year, the most prominent politician and orator in the country. Passionately devoted to the principles of his party, he was always ready to do anything, to go anywhere, to proclaim its ideas and to support its candidates. His face and his voice became familiar to millions of our people; and wherever they were seen and heard, men became his partisans. His face was cast in a classic mold; you see faces like it in antique marble in the galleries of the Vatican and in the portraits of the great cardinal-statesmen of Italy; his voice was the voice of the perfect orator—ringing, vibrating, tireless, persuading by its very sound, by its accent of sincere conviction. So prudent and so guarded were all his utterances, so lofty his courtesy, that he never embarrassed his friends, and never offended his opponents. For several months before the Republican National Convention met in 1896, it was evident to all who had eyes to see that Mr. McKinley was the only probable candidate of his party. Other names were mentioned, of the highest rank in ability, character, and popularity; they were supported by powerful combinations; but the nomination of McKinley as against the field was inevitable.

The campaign he made will be always memorable in our political annals. He and his friends had thought that the issue for the year was the distinctive and historic difference between the two parties on the subject of the tariff. To this wager of battle the discussions of the previous four years distinctly pointed. But no sooner had the two parties made their nominations than it became evident that the opposing candidate declined to accept the field of discussion chosen by the Republicans, and proposed to put forward as

the main issue the free and unlimited coinage of silver. McKinley at once accepted this challenge, and, taking the battle for protection as already won, went with energy into the discussion of the theories presented by his opponents. He had wisely concluded not to leave his home during the canvass, thus avoiding a proceeding which has always been of sinister augury in our politics; but from the front porch of his modest house in Canton he daily addressed the delegations which came from every part of the country to greet him in a series of speeches so strong, so varied, so pertinent, so full of facts briefly set forth, of theories embodied in a single phrase, that they formed the hourly text for the other speakers of his party, and give probably the most convincing proof we have of his surprising fertility of resource and flexibility of mind. All this was done without anxiety or strain. I remember a day I spent with him during that busy summer. He had made nineteen speeches the day before, that day he made many. But in the intervals of these addresses he sat in his study and talked, with nerves as quiet and a mind as free from care as if we had been spending a holiday at the seaside or among the hills.

When he came to the Presidency he confronted a situation of the utmost difficulty, which might well have appalled a man of less serene and tranquil self-confidence. There had been a state of profound commercial and industrial depression, from which his friends had said his election would relieve the country. Our relations with the outside world left much to be desired. The feeling between the Northern and Southern sections of the Union was lacking in the cordiality which was necessary to the welfare of both. Hawaii

had asked for annexation and had been rejected by the preceding Administration. There was a state of things in the Caribbean which could not permanently endure. Our neighbor's house was on fire, and there were grave doubts as to our rights and duties in the premises. A man either weak or rash, either irresolute or headstrong, might have brought ruin on himself and incalculable harm to the country.

Again I crave the pardon of those who differ with me, if, against all my intentions, I happen to say a word which may seem to them unbefitting the place and hour. But I am here to give the opinion which his friends entertained of President McKinley, of course claiming no immunity from criticism in what I shall say. I believe, then, that the verdict of history will be that he met all these grave questions with perfect valor and incomparable ability; that in grappling with them he rose to the full height of a great occasion, in a manner which redounded to the lasting benefit of the country and to his own immortal honor.

The least desirable form of glory to a man of his habitual mood and temper—that of successful war—was nevertheless conferred upon him by uncontrollable events. He felt the conflict must come; he deplored its necessity; he strained almost to breaking his relations with his friends, in order, first, if it might be, to prevent and then to postpone it to the latest possible moment. But when the die was cast, he labored with the utmost energy and ardor, and with an intelligence in military matters which showed how much of the soldier still survived in the mature statesman to push forward the war to a decisive close. War was an anguish to him; he wanted it short and conclusive. His merciful zeal communicated itself to his subordi-

nates, and the war, so long dreaded, whose consequences were so momentous, ended in a hundred days.

Mr. Stedman, the dean of our poets, has called him "Augmenter of the State." It is a noble title; if justly conferred, it ranks him among the few whose names may be placed definitely and forever in charge of the historic Muse. Under his rule Hawaii has come to us, and Tutuila; Porto Rico and the vast archipelago of the East. Cuba is free. Our position in the Caribbean is assured beyond the possibility of future question. The doctrine called by the name of Monroe, so long derided and denied by alien publicists, evokes now no challenge or contradiction when uttered to the world. It has become an international truism. Our sister Republics to the south of us are convinced that we desire only their peace and prosperity. Europe knows that we cherish no dreams but those of world-wide commerce, the benefit of which shall be to all nations. The state is augmented, but it threatens no nation under heaven. As to those regions which have come under the shadow of our flag, the possibility of their being damaged by such a change of circumstances was in the view of McKinley a thing unthinkable. To believe that we could not administer them to their advantage was to turn infidel to our American faith of more than a hundred years.

In dealing with foreign powers, he will take rank with the greatest of our diplomatists. It was a world of which he had little special knowledge before coming to the Presidency. But his marvelous adaptability was in nothing more remarkable than in the firm grasp he immediately displayed in international relations. In preparing for war and in the restoration of peace he was alike adroit, courteous, and far-sighted. When

a sudden emergency declared itself, as in China, in a state of things of which our history furnished no precedent and international law no safe and certain precept, he hesitated not a moment to take the course marked out for hlm by considerations of humanity and the national interests. Even while the legations were fighting for their lives against bands of infuriated fanatics, he decided that we were at peace with China; and while that conclusion did not hinder him from taking the most energetic measures to rescue our imperiled citizens, it enabled him to maintain close and friendly relations with the wise and heroic viceroys of the South, whose resolute stand saved that ancient Empire from anarchy and spoliation. He disposed of every question as it arose with a promptness and clarity of vision that astonished his advisers, and he never had occasion to review a judgment or reverse a decision.

By patience, by firmness, by sheer reasonableness, he improved our understanding with all the great powers of the world, and rightly gained the blessing which belongs to the peacemakers.

But the achievements of the Nation in war and diplomacy are thrown in the shade by the vast economic developments which took place during Mr. McKinley's administration. Up to the time of his first election, the country was suffering from a long period of depression, the reasons of which I will not try to seek. But from the moment the ballots were counted that betokened his advent to power a great and momentous movement in advance declared itself along all the lines of industry and commerce. In the very month of his inauguration steel rails began to be sold at eighteen dollars a ton—one of the most significant

facts of modern times. It meant that American industries had adjusted themselves to the long depression; that through the power of the race to organize and combine, stimulated by the conditions then prevailing, and perhaps by the prospect of legislation favorable to industry, America had begun to undersell the rest of the world. The movement went on without ceasing. The President and his party kept the pledges of their platform and their canvass. The Dingley bill was speedily framed and set in operation. All industries responded to the new stimulus and American trade set out on its new crusade, not to conquer the world, but to trade with it on terms advantageous to all concerned.

I will not worry you with statistics; but one or two words seem necessary to show how the acts of McKinley as President kept pace with his professions as candidate. His four years of administration were costly; we carried on a war which, though brief, was expensive. Although we borrowed two hundred millions and paid our own expenses, without asking for indemnity, the effective reduction of the debt now exceeds the total of the war bonds. We pay six millions less in interest than we did before the war and no bond of the United States yields the holder two per cent on its market value. So much for the Government credit; and we have five hundred and forty-six millions of gross gold in the Treasury.

But, coming to the development of our trade in the four McKinley years, we seem to be entering the realm of fable. In the last fiscal year our excess of exports over imports was six hundred and sixty-four million five hundred and ninety-two thousand eight hundred and twenty-six dollars. In the last four years

it was two billion three hundred and fifty-four million four hundred and forty-two thousand two hundred and thirteen dollars. These figures are so stupendous that they mean little to a careless reader—but consider! The excess of exports over imports for the whole preceding period from 1790 to 1897—from Washington to McKinley—was only three hundred and fifty-six million eight hundred and eight thousand eight hundred and twenty-two dollars.

The most extravagant promises made by the sanguine McKinley advocates five years ago are left out of sight by these sober facts. The "debtor Nation" has become the chief creditor Nation. The financial center of the world, which required thousands of years to journey from Euphrates to the Thames and the Seine, seems passing to the Hudson between daybreak and dark.

I will not waste your time by explaining that I do not invoke for any man the credit of this vast result. The captain cannot claim that it is he who drives the mighty steamship over the tumbling billows of the trackless deep; but praise is justly due him if he has made the best of her tremendous powers, if he has read aright the currents of the sea and the lessons of the stars. And we should be ungrateful if in this hour of prodigious prosperity we should fail to remember that William McKinley with sublime faith foresaw it, with indomitable courage labored for it, put his whole heart and mind into the work of bringing it about; that it was his voice which, in dark hours, rang out, heralding the coming light, as over the twilight waters of the Nile the mystic cry of Memnon announced the dawn to Egypt, waking from sleep.

Among the most agreeable incidents of the President's term of office were the two journeys he made to the South. The moral reunion of the sections—so long and so ardently desired by him—had been initiated by the Spanish War, when the veterans of both sides, and their sons, had marched shoulder to shoulder together under the same banner. The President in these journeys sought, with more than usual eloquence and pathos, to create a sentiment which should end forever the ancient feud. He was too good a politician to expect any results in the way of votes in his favor, and he accomplished none. But for all that the good seed did not fall on barren ground. In the warm and chivalrous hearts of that generous people, the echo of his cordial and brotherly words will linger long, and his name will be cherished in many a household where even yet the Lost Cause is worshipped.

Mr. McKinley was re-elected by an overwhelming majority. There had been little doubt of the result among well-informed people; but when it was known, a profound feeling of relief and renewal of trust were evident among the leaders of capital and of industry, not only in this country, but everywhere. They felt that the immediate future was secure, and that trade and commerce might safely push forward in every field of effort and enterprise. He inspired universal confidence, which is the lifeblood of the commercial system of the world. It began frequently to be said that such a state of things ought to continue; one after another, men of prominence said that the President was his own best successor. He paid little attention to these suggestions until they were repeated by some of his nearest friends. Then he saw that one of the most cherished traditions of our public life was in

danger. The generation which has seen the prophecy of the Papal throne—*Non videbis annos Petri*—twice contradicted by the longevity of holy men was in peril of forgetting the unwritten law of our Republic: Thou shalt not exceed the years of Washington. The President saw it was time to speak, and in his characteristic manner he spoke, briefly, but enough. Where the lightning strikes there is no need of iteration. From that hour, no one dreamed of doubting his purpose of retiring at the end of his second term, and it will be long before another such lesson is required.

He felt that the harvest time was come, to garner in the fruits of so much planting and culture, and he was determined that nothing he might do or say should be liable to the reproach of a personal interest. Let us say frankly he was a party man; he believed the policies advocated by him and his friends counted for much in the country's progress and prosperity. He hoped in his second term to accomplish substantial results in the development and affirmation of those policies. I spent a day with him shortly before he started on his fateful journey to Buffalo. Never had I seen him higher in hope and patriotic confidence. He was as sure of the future of his country as the Psalmist who cried: "Glorious things are spoken of thee, thou City of God." He was gratified to the heart that we had arranged a treaty which gave us a free hand in the Isthmus. In fancy he saw the canal already built and the argosies of the world passing through it in peace and amity. He saw in the immense evolution of American trade the fulfillment of all his dreams, the reward of all his labors. He was—I need not say —an ardent protectionist, never more sincere and devoted than during those last days of his life. He re-

garded reciprocity as the bulwark of protection—not a breach, but a fulfillment of the law. The treaties which for four years had been preparing under his personal supervision he regarded as ancillary to the general scheme. He was opposed to any revolutionary plan of change in the existing legislation; he was careful to point out that everything he had done was in faithful compliance with the law itself.

In that mood of high hope, of generous expectation, he went to Buffalo, and there, on the threshold of eternity, he delivered that memorable speech, worthy for its loftiness of tone, its blameless morality, its breadth of view, to be regarded as his testament to the Nation. Through all his pride of country and his joy in its success, runs the note of solemn warning, as in Kipling's noble hymn: "Lest we forget."

"Our capacity to produce has developed so enormously and our products have so multiplied that the problem of more markets requires our urgent and immediate attention. Only a broad and enlightened policy will keep what we have. No other policy will get more. In these times of marvelous business energy and gain we ought to be looking to the future, strengthening the weak places in our industrial and commercial systems, that we may be ready for any storm or strain.

"By sensible trade arrangements which will not interrupt our home production we shall extend the outlets for our increasing surplus. A system which provides a mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential to the continued and healthful growth of our export trade. We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing. If such a thing were possible, it

would not be best for us for those with whom we deal. * * * Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development under the domestic policy now firmly established. * * * The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of good will and friendly trade relations will prevent reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times; measures of retaliation are not."

I wish I had time to read the whole of this wise and weighty speech; nothing I might say could give such a picture of the President's mind and character. His years of apprenticeship had been served. He stood that day past master of the art of statesmanship. He had nothing more to ask of the people. He owed them nothing but truth and faithful service. His mind and heart were purged of the temptations which beset all men engaged in the struggle to survive. In view of the revelation of his nature vouchsafed to us that day, and the fate which impended over him, we can only say in deep affection and solemn awe: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Even for that vision he was not unworthy.

He had not long to wait. The next day sped the bolt of doom, and for a week after—in an agony of dread broken by illusive glimpses of hope that our prayers might be answered—the Nation waited for the end. Nothing in the glorious life that we saw gradually waning was more admirable and exemplary than its close. The gentle humanity of his words, when he saw his assailant in danger of summary vengeance: "Don't let them hurt him"; his chivalrous care that the news should be broken gently to his wife;

the fine courtesy with which he apologized for the damage which his death would bring to the great exhibition; and the heroic resignation of his final words: "It is God's way. His will, not ours, be done"—were all the instinctive expressions of a nature so lofty and so pure that pride in its nobility at once softened and enhanced the Nation's sense of loss. The Republic grieved over such a son, but is proud forever of having produced him. After all, in spite of its tragic ending, his life was extraordinarily happy. He had, all his days, troops of friends, the cheer of fame and fruitful labor; and he became at last—

> "On fortune's crowning slope,
> The pillar of a people's hope,
> The center of a world's desire."

He was fortunate even in his untimely death, for an event so tragical called the world imperatively to the immediate study of his life and character, and thus anticipated the sure praises of posterity.

Every young and growing people has to meet, at moments, the problems of its destiny. Whether the question comes, as in Thebes, from a sphinx, symbol of the hostile forces of omnipotent nature, who punishes with instant death our failure to understand her meaning; or whether it comes, as in Jerusalem, from the Lord of Hosts, who commands the building of His temple, it comes always with the warning that the past is past, and experience vain. "Your fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live forever?" The fathers are dead; the prophets are silent; the questions are new, and have no answer but in time.

When the horny outside case which protects the infancy of a chrysalis nation suddenly bursts, and, in a single abrupt shock, it finds itself floating on wings

which had not existed before, whose strength it has never tested, among dangers it can not foresee and is without experience to measure, every motion is a problem, and every hesitation may be an error. The past gives no clue to the future. The fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live forever? We are ourselves the fathers! We are ourselves the prophets! The questions that are put to us we must answer without delay, without help—for the Sphinx allows no one to pass.

At such moments we may be humbly grateful to have had leaders simple in mind, clear in vision—as far as human vision can safely extend—penetrating in knowledge of men, supple and flexible under the strains and pressures of society, instinct with the energy of new life and untried strength, cautious, calm, and, above all, gifted in a supreme degree with the most surely victorious of all political virtues—the genius of infinite patience.

The obvious elements which enter into the fame of a public man are few and by no means recondite. The man who fills a great station in a period of change, who leads his country successfully through a time of crisis, who, by his power of persuading and controlling others, has been able to command the best thought of his age, so as to leave his country in a moral or material condition in advance of where he found it—such a man's position in history is secure. If, in addition to this, his written or spoken words possess the subtle quality which carry them far and lodge them in men's hearts; and, more than all, if his utterances and actions, while informed with a lofty morality, are yet tinged with the glow of human sympathy, the fame of such a man will shine like a beacon through the

mists of ages—an object of reverence, of imitation, and of love. It should be to us an occasion of solemn pride that in the three great crises of our history such a man was not denied us. The moral value to a nation of a renown such a Washington's and Lincoln's and McKinley's is beyond all computation. No loftier ideal can be held up to the emulation of ingenuous youth. With such examples we cannot be wholly ignoble. Grateful as we may be for what they did, let us be still more grateful for what they were. While our daily being, our public policies, still feel the influence of their work, let us pray that in our spirits their lives may be voluble, calling us upward and onward.

There is not one of us but feels prouder of his native land because the august figure of Washington presided over its beginnings; no one but vows it a tenderer love because Lincoln poured out his blood for it; no one but must feel his devotion for his country renewed and kindled when he remembers how McKinley loved, revered, and served it, showed in his life how a citizen should live, and in his last hour taught us how a gentleman could die.

PROCEEDINGS

of the

SENATE and ASSEMBLY

of the

STATE OF NEW YORK

on the

Life, Character and Public Services

of

WILLIAM McKINLEY

✣ ✣ ✣

March 4, 1902

✣ ✣ ✣

Albany, New York

JOINT COMMITTEE OF THE LEGISLATURE

✣ ✣ ✣

Committee of the Senate

TIMOTHY E. ELLSWORTH JOHN RAINES

THOMAS F. GRADY

✣ ✣ ✣

Committee of the Assembly

JOTHAM P. ALLDS OTTO KELSEY

LOUIS BEDELL GEORGE M. PALMER

JOHN MCKEOWN

PROCEEDINGS OF THE LEGISLATURE

of the

STATE OF NEW YORK

relative to the Life and Services

of

WILLIAM McKINLEY

✢ ✢ ✢

Born January 29, 1843

Died September 14, 1901

PROCEEDINGS OF THE LEGISLATURE

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In Senate, January 9, 1902

Mr. Ellsworth, Temporary President, offered the following resolution:

Resolved (if the Assembly concur), That a joint committee of the Legislature be appointed, to consist of three Senators, to be appointed by the President of the Senate, and five members of the Assembly, to be appointed by the Speaker of the Assembly, to arrange for and conduct suitable memorial exercises by which the Legislature may express its appreciation of the statesmanship and virtues of William McKinley, late President of the United States of America, who was assassinated at the city of Buffalo, in this State, in the month of September last; its abhorrence of the crime and its sympathy for his bereaved family.

The President put the question whether the Senate would agree to said resolution, and it was decided in the affirmative.

Ordered, That the clerk deliver said resolution to the Assembly and request their concurrence therein.

The Assembly subsequently returned the concurrent resolution with a message that

Mr. Speaker put the question whether the House would agree to said resolution, and it was determined in the affirmative.

Ordered, That the Clerk return said resolution to the Senate, with a message that the Assembly have concurred in the passage of the same.

The President appointed as the committee on the

part of the Senate to act with the committee on the part of the Assembly to arrange memorial exercises in appreciation of the statesmanship and virtues of William McKinley, Messrs. Ellsworth, Raines and Grady.

Mr. Speaker appointed as such committee, on the part of the Assembly, Messrs. Allds, Kelsey, Bedell, Palmer and McKeown.

At a meeting of the above joint committee it was decided to hold a memorial service in the Assembly Chamber on Tuesday evening, March 4, 1902, and that Hon. Charles Emory Smith be invited by the committee to deliver the memorial address.

In Senate, January 29, 1902.

Mr. Green made the following motion:

Mr. President: Today is the birthday of the late lamented President of the United States, William McKinley, a day set aside in many places for the closing of the schools and doing honor and paying homage to the memory of one of the greatest if not indeed the greatest statesman of his age. It occurs to me that it is highly proper that the Senate of the State of New York should take some action in commemoration of the day and in memory of William McKinley, and therefore I move that this Senate do now adjourn out of respect to the memory of William McKinley and in commemoration of his birthday.

Senator Grady: If the Senator will withdraw his motion for a moment and allow me to say, and in saying it I endeavor to express what I know to be the sentiments of my associates upon this side of the chamber, that there is no mark of admiration, there is no token of respect that can be paid to the memory and to the services of William McKinley which we are

not prepared to sincerely and cheerfully accord. When one sacrifices his life for his country, when one is stricken down by the hand of an assassin because he is the representative of authority against which anarchy and redhanded socialism raises its hand, he leaves the rank of official and statesman, and even patriot, and takes his place among the heroes. And so we regard the dead President, not so much as one who in a long and varied public career won the affections and confidence and the respect of his political friends and the admiration of his political foes, not so much for the qualities of statesmanship that he exhibited, but in common with all the rest—those of us who differed as to his policy, perhaps arrayed ourselves in opposition to his methods of government—today we turn our eyes to his place in the gallery of heroes as one who sacrificed his life in vindication of the law and the majesty of the law, and upon each anniversary of his birth, and very much oftener, let us hope, a grateful people of this Nation will remember every service of William McKinley and hold him, as they do now, without regard to political affiliation, in their heart of hearts.

The President: The question is on the adoption of the motion of the Senator from the Thirty-Eighth, that the Senate do now adjourn out of respect to the memory of the late President, William McKinley. Those in favor of the adoption of that motion will please rise.

It is unanimously adopted. The Senate is now adjourned until tomorrow morning at eleven o'clock.

In Assembly, January 29, 1902.

Mr. Allds offered for the consideration of the House a resolution, in the words following:

Resolved, That the House do now adjourn as a testimonial of our respect and esteem to the memory of the late President, William McKinley, who was born fifty-nine years ago today.

Mr. Allds said: Fifty-nine years ago, on this day, occurred an event which at that time was unnoticed. It marked the commencement of a life which has occupied the central part of the national stage during these last years. I regard that it was extremely fitting, Mr. Speaker, that this Legislature should last week have made suitable arrangements which look toward a commemorative service over the memory of William McKinley. Therefore, Mr. Speaker, I do not regard that at this time I ought to give utterance to words which naturally would be fit to this occasion. But it seemed, Mr. Speaker, inasmuch as throughout the length and breadth of the State of New York there are gathered in every school house our school children, today, engaged in exercises which remind them of the services rendered by our late lamented President; inasmuch as throughout the United States the day of his birth is today being commemorated, and that the Governor has issued a proclamation in this State, I did not regard that it would be fitting that we should close the morning's session without being mindful of the fact that this day did mark the birthday of William McKinley, and that when we separated this morning it should be by a rising vote of adjournment as a testimonial of our respect and of our remembrance for that man who, starting from the common people, rose step by step, until, when, unfortunately, within this state, his life went out, he was beyond any question the best beloved citizen of this entire country, no matter what one's politics might be, no matter where one might

live or dwell, for he was of the common people, a man throughout his entire career laboring for the common people, and when he did finally reach the Presidential chair, a true American laboring for Americans, in such a way that he commanded the respect and compelled the respect for this country from all sister nations, the world around.

Mr. Palmer: Mr. Speaker, a person who by an assassin's bullet has compassed the taking of an American life, whether he be a private citizen or a public personage, aims a blow not only at the heart of an individual citizen, but aims a deadly blow as well at the heart of our common and beloved country. And, sir, there comes a time in the history of nations and the history of men when the invisible line which seems to divide us—we call it sometimes politics and political thought—when that invisible line is entirely wiped out; and when an American citizen who loves his country and who loves its institutions, will rally to the support of its principles and to the support of those men who maintain those principles. And when a man dare stand out and direct a bullet at the head of our common country, it brings us all together as common mourners around a common bier. This is where we stood a few months ago. This is where we stand today again, in memory, and this is where we will stand so long as any incident shall occur during our memory and the memory of those who shall follow us, that shall bring us back to a time when the President of the United States, William McKinley, was shot dead at Buffalo by the hand of an assassin. I say, then, that this is a question that appeals to the bosom of Americans; this is a question which appeals to our love, our sympathy; this is a question which

not only enters the individual breast but appeals to the fireside and home of every one about this circle, and when we appeal to the home we appeal to the strength of our American institutions today. True, it has been said that this man represents every citizen of our common country. He came through the walks known as the common walks of life; when danger was threatened he, in connection with others, stood at the battle front and bared his breast to danger, that our flag might still float and that our institutions might live; and after the test and when history was being written, history that we fondly love, this man emerged from the conflict and was chosen by a majority of the American people, whose homes, whose property interests he had so nobly protected upon the field of battle, and by choice was elected to be the chief officer of this country, which he had helped to save, and in this dignified position looking all along back through the pathway over which he had trod, and seeing friends and neighbors all along that pathway, an assassin, a man who has no property stake in this country, a proletarian with no interest in common with ours, aimed a bullet not only at the heart of this distinguished citizen, but at the heart of our common country, and assaulted our institutions; and today as legislators we are looking all over the land as best we can to exterminate that element from our midst. This representative who went down to death at the hands of our enemies, we should commemorate on every occasion that is befitting for such commemoration. I, therefore, Mr. Speaker, voicing my own sentiment, and I know I voice the sentiment of the majority around this circle, will second the resolution which has been offered.

Mr. Speaker: Gentlemen, you have heard the motion which has been so eloquently made by the gentlemen from Chenango, and so emphatically endorsed by the gentlemen from Schoharie, that now, as an evidence of the respect and esteem in which we hold the memory of the late lamented President, that this body do now adjourn, and that the vote upon that motion be taken by a rising vote.

Mr. Speaker put the question whether the House would agree to said resolution, and it was determined in the affirmative by a rising vote.

Whereupon the House adjourned.

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MEMORIAL EXERCISES

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Assembly Chamber, March 4, 1902.

The Legislature having met in joint session in the Assembly Chamber in pursuance of the arrangements made by the joint memorial committee, Benjamen B. Odell, Jr., Governor; Hon. Thomas C. Platt and Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, United States Senators, and State officers and guests being present, the meeting was called to order by the Hon. Timothy E. Ellsworth, chairman of the joint committee.

The quartet and chorus of All Saints Choir sang "Blest Are The Departed," from Spohr's "The Last Judgment."

Blest are the departed who in the Lord are sleeping,
From henceforth, forever more:
They rest from their labors, and their works follow them.

Prayer was offered by Rt. Rev. William Croswell Doane, Bishop of Albany, as follows:

Prayer by Rt. Rev. William Croswell Doane:

Almighty and ever-living God, we yield unto Thee most high praise and hearty thanks for the wonderful grace and virtue declared in all Thy saints who have been the choice vessels of Thy grace and the lights of the world in their several generations. We bless Thy name for the good memory and holy example of Thy servant, William McKinley, to whom Thou didst give grace to live well and to rule well over this people, and grace to die in Thy faith and fear and in Thy favor. Make us patient before the mystery of his violent death. Pardon whatever evil in us may have

wrought out the humiliation of its dishonor. Save us from the spirit of disorder and misrule; from the carelessness of the tongue in evil speaking, reviling and slandering. Convict us of the sins of our prosperity, our pride, our boastfulnes, our forgetfulness of Thee. Protect us from the spread of license instead of liberty. Convert us to a deeper recognition of Thy authority in those who rule over us that we may "faithfully and obediently honor them in Thee and for Thee"; and make them mindful whose authority they bear. Make light perpetual to shine upon the soul of Thy servant whom Thou didst call so suddenly to his rest. Comfort the sorrow of those who were so sorely stricken in the bereavement of his death. Guide with Thy counsel and govern by Thy grace Thy servant Theodore Roosevelt, so suddenly called to the responsibility of ruling. Make this great nation a wise and understanding people, that we may fear Thee and keep all Thy commandments always, that it may be well with us and with our children forever, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen!

The hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," was sung by the choir of All Saints Church.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er craig and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Senator Ellsworth said: Pursuant to a joint resolution of the Senate and Assembly, the members of the Senate and Assembly and their invited guests have convened in this Chamber to take suitable action in memory of the statesmanship and virtues of William McKinley, late President of these United States, and on behalf of the committee I present as your presiding officer Governor Benjamin B. Odell, Jr.

Remarks of the Presiding Officer.

Governor Odell, upon taking the chair, said:

Ladies and Gentlemen:

We meet tonight to pay our tribute of respect to the memory of a man who in his life illustrated the possibilities of American manhood, to one who has by his devotion upon the field of battle and in the halls of our National Legislature, as well as in the highest office within the gift of our people, won the respect and admiration of the world. The patriotic manner in which he met every question and every new responsibility that he was called upon to assume, marked him as a man of fearless character, whose devotion to his country was only measured by her needs. Springing, as is so often the case, from humble parentage, struggling with the vicissitudes and hardships of life, with indomitable courage he carved out for himself a name that will be long remembered and inscribed upon the tablets of fame with other great Americans who had preceded him.

Meeting his fate because in his person he typified the institutions which our forefathers had established, he passed from the active theatre of life with a faith and a fortitude which illustrated far better than words his belief in an Omnipotent Power. Dying, his deeds still live, and the evolution of government which has marked the successive generations of men still goes on and our country becomes stronger because of such lives and of such influences as characterized that of William McKinley, for the love and freedom and the ability to organize liberty into institutions is a feature which makes of America, of our country a stable government that can withstand the shock of arms and the blows of anarchy. America and her institutions are a protest against all those who have and who do oppose freedom, and the patriotism of her youth is the guarantee of her future. While, therefore, we mourn our loss, death has not robbed us of the influences which those who have labored for our country have left behind them as the heritage to our people.

We are fortunate to have with us one whose privilege it was to have been associated with our martyred President during his lifetime, who has kindly consented to address you, and because of his old associations within our State, to speak for us as we lay upon the bier the flower of grateful recollection for one who is now but a memory. I take great pleasure in introducing to you the Hon. Charles Emory Smith, the orator of the evening.

The Hon. Charles Emory Smith then delivered the memorial address.

The choir then sang "The Radiant Morn," by Woodward.

The radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

Our life is but a fading dawn,
Its glorious noon, how quickly past;
Lead us, O Christ, our life-work done,
Safe home at last.

Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all.

After which Rt. Rev. T. M. A. Burke, Bishop of the Diocese of Albany, pronounced the following benediction:

Prayer by Rt. Rev. T. M. A. Burke.

O Almighty and Eternal God, Thou hast taught us by the Royal Psalmist "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it. Unless the Lord keep the city, he watcheth in vain that keepeth it." Hence we acknowledge that it is only by Thy blessing that individuals and nations can prosper and be happy. We beseech Thee, therefore, O Lord, to bless our Nation, to bless our State, and in a special in these solemn services in honor of our late lamented President.

May the blessing of God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost descend upon all of us here present and remain with us forever. Amen.

Recessional: "Nearer, My God, to Thee," by the choir:

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross,
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Though like a wanderer,
Weary and lone,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Altars I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

McKINLEY MEMORIAL ADDRESS

CHARLES EMORY SMITH

On Invitation of the Governor and the
Legislature of the State of New York
Tuesday Evening, March 4, 1902

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"As long as he lived he was the guiding star of a whole brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets."

So wrote Motley of William, the great Prince of Orange, who enlarged a Republic and fell under the hand of an assassin. So may we speak of the dead President who by a cruel fate was slain within the borders of your State and whose memory you are assembled to honor. Thrice has our country been called to mourn a murdered President. The hot passions engendered by civil strife impelled the first blow. The aberration of a disturbed brain, distorted by a perverted view of partisan contention, struck the second. The third came in an hour of profound calm, at a time of universal good feeling, and it was aimed not in any disordered frenzy at the gentle individual, but with cool and stealthy design from the lair of lurking anarchy at the head of the State. The first two left a helpless sorrow, the third leaves a relentless duty. The grace of President McKinley's life and the vicariousness of his sacrifice for the Republic added to the poignancy of the public grief.

"As long as he lived he was the guiding star of a whole brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets."

Heritage molds character and character shapes opportunity. The preparation of William McKinley for his great work began long before he was born. It began with a sturdy and rugged ancestry, imbued with high principle and with patriotic impulse. He blended the thrift and force and enthusiasm of the Scotch Irish blood with the strength of the Puritan character. For more than a century the robust union had been tempered with the uplifting influence of our free institutions and with the glorious air of American liberty, and an original stock of unsurpassed quality was developed into the full flower of purest Americanism. On both sides his ancestors fought in the Revolutionary War, as he fought in the War for the Union, and frugal lives, sound intelligence and sterling citizenship distinguished the race through successive generations.

Both of his parents, neither high-born nor low-born, but well representing the plain people, were of superior quality. In the benignity of the maternal love he was signally blessed like Washington, whose mother, when the whole world rang with his fame, could proudly and modestly answer the paeans of praise with the simple words "he has been a good son and I believe he has done his whole duty as a man." Under the nurture of such a mother, whom he always cherished with the fondest affection, he learned the elemental lessons of piety and faith and duty, and in his heart were early implanted the enduring principles of conduct and the fixed sense of obedience to obligation which ruled his whole life.

He was but seventeen when the shot at Sumter startled the feverish land. Its crash roused the impassioned people to a sober realization that the angry

strife of sections had at length burst into a war, no one yet dreamed how mighty, over the very existence of the Union. To this youth of conscience and patriotic fervor the call of his country was the sufficient command of duty. He enlisted in the ranks of a regiment whose muster roll answered with the names of two future Presidents, one Justice of the Supreme Court, and the hero of Chickamauga. Little time passed before his youthful ardor and his constant fidelity had won the confidence and admiration of all. He shared all the hardships and all the glories of a marching and fighting command. He slept on the tented field under the Summer's heat and the Winter's snow. He kept watch by the flickering light of the bivouac. He followed the waving plume of Sheridan through the valley of the Shenandoah. He seemed to bear a charmed life as, with bated breath of onlookers, he rode along perilous ways through the storm of bullets at Kernstown. He earned his first promotion by his gallant behaviour on the bloodiest of days at Antietam. He showed his quality when as a staff officer he took the responsibility, fortunately justified by the result, of directing a general of division at a vital point in the battle of Opequan. Had he been a man he would have won his stars. But even as a boy, as a boy behind the gun, he rose to the rank of major, and came out of the war with a rich and stern experience which had knit and strengthened his whole mental and moral fibre. Throwing aside his sword he immediately addressed himself to the serious work of life. He began the study of law at his home and pursued it here at this capital, in a law school celebrated for the number of men it has contributed to the suc-

cesses of the profession and the distinction of a public career.

With the service of the war and the training of school behind him at an age when men of promise are just leaving their college course, he settled down in Canton, which was thenceforth to be the home of his love and pride, and in after years the Mecca of the myriads who would lay their homage at his sacred shrine. His success was swift and certain. His incomparable charm of manner and beauty of character made friends of all within his range. His skill and ability in counsel and in speech marked him for sure and recognized leadership. Within three years he was chosen prosecuting attorney, and in 1876, at the age of 33, he was elected to Congress and entered in his extraordinary political career. Thenceforward to the untimely end he advanced with an unbroken growth and a widening power till at last he stood the foremost ruler with the broadest influence on the loftiest pedestal in the world.

The House of Representatives was a forum singularly suited to his powers. It is a field where the faculties are subjected to the severest trial and where merit alone can win. It has an atmosphere and a standard all its own. Its vast hall, its turbulent roar, its intolerance of fustian or feebleness, its quick and remorseless detection of sham and pretense, all impose a test which nothing but substantial ability can endure. It must be conquered or captivated or gained through its sincere respect. It enjoys the barbed shaft of sarcasm which pierces the hollow shell of cant or the vivid thunderbolt of invective which blasts the hoary forces of wrong. It is enthralled under the magic spell of the true orator who sets logic on fire

with passion or melts the cold form of reason with the subdued touch of tenderness. It appreciates the comprehensive knowledge which, without grace or adornment, but with honesty and understanding, illuminates legislation and points the pathway of truth. But it is only by masterfulness in one form or another that its attention can be held or its leadership attained. For this arena of political gladiators the earnest, painstaking and persuasive McKinley was admirably fitted. He was a patient worker, a trenchant debater and a skillful tactician.

Joining freely in the conflicts of the House, he displayed at once such force and such chivalry that he left the sense of a foeman worthy of the best steel, and no opponent was envenomed because "still rankled in his side the fatal dart." He became master of all the moods and methods of the House. He had in his own knowledge and superb tact the clew of its labyrinths, and he could guide through their most tortuous ways as surely as Theseus tracked the labyrinth of old with the thread of Ariadne. During the fourteen years of his service he steadily grew in influence and rank, and at last became the acknowledged leader and powerful moulder of politics. His conspicuous championship of protection led to a reproach that he was a man of one idea, a reproach which shriveled and faded in the grandeur of his later work, but never just even when originally made. It was his duty as representative to deal with many questions; as Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means and leader of the House he spoke on many subjects, and he never spoke save to illuminate.

If he early determined to choose one issue of commanding importance and make himself master of that,

it was only an illustration of his native sagacity and of his strong conviction. In devoting himself to the protection of home industries he became the chief exponent of a policy that was the battle gage of parties and vitally connected with the welfare of the people. The McKinley law was the natural evolution of conditions; but it bore his name because he had early foreseen developments and put himself in line to seize the opportunity. It passed only on the eve of the Congressional elections; it had no adequate trial; there was no time for correct understanding; the general political sky was darkened by untoward circumstances, and all the threatening signs together brought disaster. In that defeat McKinley went down for the moment—due however, more to the change of his district than to the general adverse current. But it was only for a moment, and in that moment of darkness his conviction and his courage blazed like an oriflamme.

For, though many doubted and hesitated, he did not quiver! In that hour of gloom and storm of opposition others faltered, but McKinley never! He did not droop his banner a single inch, but held it aloft with unwavering fidelity and repledged devotion.

> "So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful, found
> Among the faithless, faithful only he."

His trumpet blast soon rallied the broken columns. Every circumstance conspired to vindicate and reestablish him more strongly than ever. He was chosen Governor of Ohio. The McKinley law was overthrown, but depression deepened around the whole horizon. Throughout the country the awakening people began to call for the rejected leader. The stone which the builders refused became the head of the corner. He

went over the land and across the continent, and his engaging personality and rare powers of oratory won their persuasive way. He had every element of popular winsomeness. A face of sweetness and light; deep-set and piercing eyes under a Websterian brow; a personal fascination which took hold of all who came within its influence; a voice sympathetic, resonant and full of vibrant melody; a style of limpid clearness and simplicity, tipped at times with the divine flame of eloquence; and almost unrivaled power of seizing the central and controlling facts and presenting them with sharp, luminous and convincing force; the allied faculty of clarifying and crystallizing a truth or an argument on a phrase or an epigram; the capacity to take the tumbler from the table on the platform and make it the illustration, lucent as the sunbeam, of a theory or a policy so that the simplest child could understand and the memory carried it forever; and over all that subtle and indescribable charm of sincerity and suavity which is irresistible—such were the rare attributes which swayed and carried vast multitudes.

He thus naturally and inevitably became the Presidential candidate. His extraordinary campaign was to many of his countrymen a revelation of unsuspected versatility and resource. He did not leave his home for any tour, but tens of thousands went to him in multiplied delegations, representing every guild and every interest; and he welcomed them through days and weeks and months of hourly speeches so apt, so varied, so terse and cogent, so illustrative and suggestive, that they not only baffled criticism but formed the impregnable bulwark of his own canvass. His championship of protection nominated him. But events had brought the currency question to a crucial

position. On this question there had been serious differences in his own party, and their reconcilement was indispensable to united strength and sure success. McKinley's fidelity to sound currency had never been doubtful, but he was subjected to some reproach because he maintained a degree of reserve while the process of fusing the discordant elements was going on. It was an exemplification of his tactful method of accomplishing a great end through conciliatory means. Far better than his well-meaning critics he knew that a serious rupture or division would be fatal, and that judicious approach would bring a satisfactory alignment. When his policy had welded the party together and the time had come, he spoke in clarion tones and his leadership on the later of the two great issues was as vigorous and ringing as it had always been on the earlier.

His first act as President attested the depth of his convictions and his self-reliant judgment. He instantly recalled Congress and the country to the McKinley policy! There had been a long period of business depression and stagnation. Men might differ as to the cause—the President believed he knew the remedy. It was the restoration of confidence and credit and enterprise which would again set the wheels of industry in motion. Against all traditions, with the self confidence of profound earnestness, he assembled Congress in extra session; he invoked its exclusive devotion to the single object of its unusual meeting; and before the first summer of his administration had passed, his faith and his measures had started the country on a new development of activity which, widening and extending as it advanced, ushered in the most

splendid era of industrial growth and commercial expansion the world has ever seen!

With restored prosperity and business stability thus assured, as the foundation of all advance, he was ready for other questions. The long-smouldering wrongs of Cuba, now bursting into full flame, had profoundly stirred the country. The American people could no longer silence conscience with mere protest. Had not Gladstone thundered against the atrocities of Bulgaria? Had not the Christian world held up its hands in impotent horror at the ghastly but sporadic infamies in Armenia? But these monstrous wrongs were far off. The continuous crimes in Cuba, not less hideous and growing to appalling proportions, were at our very door. How could the impulse of humanity or the instinct of self-protection look on in passive abhorrence? For years we had offered verbal remonstrance and done nothing. The time had come for action. The cumulating records of cruelty wrought the country to the highest pitch of indignation. In the midst of this swelling tide of feeling the destruction of a battle-ship in the harbor of Havana and the loss of two hundred and fifty brave American sailors inflamed the public temper to white heat, and all over the land went forth the ominous "Remember the Maine!" Everywhere—in Congress and in the country—the cry was for war!

No one who did not see the President at close hand during those stormy and trying days could measure the greatness of his spirit or the courage of his purpose. Of all men in the land he was the coolest, the calmest and the most clear-sighted. Profoundly moved, anxious beyond all expression, he was, with his waking hours and his sleepless couch filled with brooding care,

but tranquil, self-contained, sure of his own lofty and unselfish aim. It were easy then to lead the way in passion for war. It needed only to ride the tempest and be borne along by the swift and turbid current. There was everything in such yielding complaisance to appeal to selfish ambition. War is full of glory. This war was certain to be triumphant. Success in war is the sure passport to fame and power. It would inevitably bring enlarged domain, and his would be the honor. Beyond all, this was a war with a righteous cause and a just object, as righteous and just as ever impelled men to take up arms. But there was another side. War at the best has its costly sacrifices. It makes widows and orphans; it brings tears to the eyes of the mothers, and fills households with mourning. From all this sadder side the great and gentle soul of William McKinley recoiled. Not for him the pathway of personal ambition strewn with the bloody sacrifices of his people. Not for him the mingled glory and misery of war, however just, unless it were made clear that its rightful and necessary purpose could not be accomplished through peaceful measures.

He did not despair of such a pacific and acceptable solution. In his purpose of rescuing Cuba he never faltered. In more sober understanding and aim he shared the hot determination of the country that the intolerable wrongs in the unhappy isle must cease; he had reiterated the protests of other Presidents, and, as the offenses grew, had gone farther in action; but he still hoped and believed that the redemption could be effected without the dread necessity of war. With this conviction he judiciously moderated and restrained the impetuous ardor of Congress, and, man of the people as he was, stood undaunted while the storm of popular

clamor raged about him. The world does not yet know the full extent of the effort he made to save Cuba and at the same time avert war. For sixty days he held back an excited and impatient country. With one hand he curbed his own impulsive people and with the other he sought to lead a proud-spirited Power up to such concessions as would alone render peace possible. The conscience, the courage and the steadfastness of that joint undertaking cannot easily be overstated. It must rank with the great acts of moral heroism among the rulers of men. But it was not met with the same ingenuous spirit; events outran every plan; the mighty issues hastened to their deadly grapple, and the war was on. Once decreed, it was fought with the utmost vigor and power as the most humane mandate. Our arms were triumphant on sea and on land. Our navy, always great in action, repeated and added fresh lustre to its earlier glories. The army was rapidly organized, and on new fields, under tropic skies with unwonted experiences, separated by half the girdle of the globe, it exhibited the eager spirit and unquailing courage of the American soldier. It is but just to say that not only in the general direction, but particularly in the culminating and crucial hour of the struggle, when large consequences hung on grave questions in the field, the President was literally the commander-in-chief; and when his judgment was vindicated by the result of his orders, with characteristic generosity he discountenanced any ascription of the credit which was rightfully his, lest it might in the slightest degree detract from the well-won laurels of the generals he delighted to honor. A hundred days, forever emblazoned with the names of Manila and Santiago, closed the war and placed the Republic in a new position before

the world. The President then confronted the still more difficult problems of peace. Under the conditions its issues were more completely in his hands than those of war. It was for him to decide the terms of peace, subject to the final ratification of the treaty, and with the reasonable certainty that the terms agreed on by the two Governments and formally embodied in the treaty would, unless clearly repugnant to the general sense, be accepted in the end. The gravity and the magnitude of that duty are manifest. It involved the momentous decision of the character and extent of the territorial acquisition to be made. And beyond the primary question of expansion, it involved the stupendous problem of the future disposition, relations and government of the territory thus acquired.

As to the islands of the Carribean the course was clear. Porto Rico was plainly to be ceded and the cession was granted and accepted with little dispute. Cuba was to be made free under the guardianship of the United States until prepared for full independence. But what of the Philippines? Was our flag to remain in those remote seas? Was it to float only over a naval station or over a broader area? If we were to gain a territorial foothold, was the vast archipelago to be taken in part or in whole? It is not too much to say that the answer to that tremendous question, with all its import for the destiny of our country, rested on the single voice of William McKinley. It was for him to make the first guiding determination, and he had acquired such authority with the people, such general confidence was felt in his judgment, that whether the conclusion had been in favor of holding on or of letting go there is every reason to believe that

in the plastic and formative stage of public opinion then his decision would have been accepted.

It is difficult to recall another time in all our history since the organization of the Government when a decision of such pregnant and far-reaching consequences rested in the hollow of a single hand save once. In Washington's second administration the newborn nation was in fever of tumult from the infection of the French Revolution. France had been our ally in our own struggle for liberty. She was now with ensanguined banner proclaiming the new crusade of the "rights of man." Jefferson had returned from her soil imbued with her extreme ideas. He found a young and ardent people all aflame with enthusiasm for the tricolor and burning with passion against a recent and still unfriendly foe. Clubs sprang into being all over the land with the cockade on their hats and the cry of fraternity on their lips. The British Orders in Council intensified the public feeling. Congress answered with the embargo act and began to prepare for war. Had there been any leader at the head of the State less wise and commanding than Washington, the nation, still in its infancy and still enfeebled with its exhausting struggle for independence, would have madly taken up arms again. But the equipoise and authority of the peerless chief stayed the uplifted arm, sent John Jay to London on a special mission of peace, carried against violent opposition a treaty unpopular but vindicated by time, and successfully piloted the Republic through a crisis of difficulty and danger.

There have been other times when great decisions were taken, but it is doubtful whether there has been another time save that now in question, when so much depended on the single act of one man, unless, to name

an instance of a different kind, we except the act of John Adams in appointing John Marshall Chief Justice of the United States. President McKinley did not fail to appreciate the importance and the gravity of the question which practically rested on his sole determination. He saw, no one better, that the acquisition of extended territory and alien peoples in remote climes would be a new departure for the Republic and entail problems of government of the most delicate and complex character. He saw, on the other hand, no one more clearly, that the withdrawal of American authority and care, when other authority and care had been extinguished, would leave an unprepared people in a helpless condition and would be a desertion of a solemn obligation which events had imposed upon us.

In this conflict of opposing views he had no real guide but his own sure instinct and his own sense of duty. He had his counselors in Cabinet, in Congress and in Peace Commission, but the ultimate responsibility was his. Did he ask public opinion?—but public opinion waited for him. It was a decision for the solitude and meditation of the statesman's closet, and there he took it for self-communion and for the higher communion with the Giver of All Wisdom, who was his daily guide and ever-present help in time of trouble. In reaching his conclusion there was one controlling force. He was not blind to the commercial opportunities which had been suddenly unveiled. With the prophetic eye of faith he could discern in the coming years the argosies of treasure which through the opening of the Orient would expand and enrich American trade. But deeply interested as he was in this development, it was not the animating impulse of his

action. The one overmastering influence in deciding his course was not the spirit of territorial aggrandizement, not the acceptance of commercial opportunity, but his profound conviction of duty to the rude peoples whom the course of events had placed in our keeping. He felt that to abandon them under such circumstances would be recreancy to a sacred trust. With his robust Americanism he believed that American free institutions are the best in the world, and he could not conceive that the freedom and hope of our flag would be anything else than a blessing to the peoples who should come under the protection and the inspiration of its shining folds.

His, then, was the authority, his the responsibility, his the decision in what, let us fully recognize it, was a turning point in American history and a new epoch in the course of civilization. If there had been nothing else, this great act alone was sufficient to give him a sure niche in the Temple of Fame. We do not undertake to pass upon the questions of the future; but whatever may be its course it is certain that the freedom which has spread its glorious light in the Philippine Islands can never be dimmed. The Filipïnos, now rescued, may well say, with the hero of Italy, "We had rather take one step forward and die, than one step backward and live." It was William McKinley who lifted them out of the thraldom and darkness of three hundred years into the liberty and enlightenment of the twentieth century; and, whatever the vicissitudes of circumstance, it is sure that in the coming time the millions of dark-visaged and disenthralled people and their tens of millions of descendants will recognize him as the blacks of America recognize Lincoln, and that not only in the stately squares of Manila, but in

the remoter provinces of Luzon and among the dusky Viscayans of Cebu and Samar, then advanced in civilization, will be found rising in honor the worthy monuments of bronze or of granite, with the benignant face and figure so well known to us, which shall commemorate the great Liberator.

The first summer of the President had been given to the restoration of the conditions of prosperity; the second to the war with Spain; the third to the insurrectionary troubles in the Philippines; and the fourth, in the year of his campaign for re-election, was absorbed with the sudden and appalling outbreak in China. That startling assault on civilization served to show that the United States had taken its place at the council table of the nations. The establishment of our authority in the East gave us a recognized voice in dealing with the issues of the great Eastern Empire; the presence of our forces in the Philippines permitted the quick transfer of a fair contingent to the new scene of action. We were there by right, and we were there with visible strength. In facing this trying and unforseen exigency, for which there was no precedent and no guide, the President evinced the easy assumption of responsibility and direction to which the large experience of four years, with the preparation of twenty years behind it, had brought him. Under his guidance the United States proceeded without hesitation and without truculence, acting with other nations when their policy suited it, asserting its independent judgment when occasion required it, entangling itself with none and friendly with all.

In two directions at least the United States took the distinct lead. It was foremost in insisting that, despite the furious fighting and the dreadful conditions

at Peking, there was not a state of war, and thus in localizing the conflict. It was no less strenuous in upholding the integrity of the Empire and in moderating the terms of settlement. Whatever differences may remain on controverted questions there is universal concurrence that our Government handled the Chinese complication in a masterful and faultless manner, and emerged from the arduous ordeal with increased prestige and influence throughout the world.

At last it seemed that for the President a time of tranquillity and measurable repose and well-earned enjoyment of his great honors had come. He had been re-elected with every mark of the high confidence of his countrymen. His great achievements were secure, and his fixed and well-defined policies remained only to be fulfilled on the lines he had clearly traced. He had solved and clarified the intricacies of the Cuban maze with a chart and charter which determined the future, and to which, without debate and without opposition, he had pledged both parties in Congress with a consummate adroitness and skill never surpassed in all our legislative history. With a sincere and profound devotion to American traditions and with a directness which admitted of no question, he had stilled the rising sentiment for a third term. He had with his noble magnanimity and wisdom assuaged the strife of sections, and brought North and South together in such fraternal concord as they had not felt since they shed their blood side by side at Bunker Hill and Yorktown. With high hope and exultant joy he had traversed the continent amid the acclaims of an enthusiastic people. There on the further shore, looking out through the Golden Gate on the great ocean which his work had made an American sea, he was

called to his deepest trial, as day after day and night after night he trod the hazy and mysterious borderland of eternity with the tender companion of his chivalrous and matchless devotion, while the whole nation, with hushed breath and affectionate sympathy and constant prayer, followed him in his long and loving vigil. Again alone in his never-ceasing faith, his cup of joy was again filled to overflowing as the frail thread strengthened into the silken cord, and thenceforward the sun shone with new radiance for him as, after the splendor and stress and cloud, it approached the mellow sweetness of promised peace and rest.

He went to Buffalo, and amid the brilliant surroundings of its beautiful Exposition he made the impressive speech which, in its elevation of spirit, in its clearness of vision and in its breadth of statesmanship, is his fit legacy to the American people. He had renounced no article of his life-long creed. He only saw the consummation of the policy he had sustained, only the expected results he had done his part in bringing about. In his view reciprocity was but the ripened fruitage of the harvest of protection, and when his unfaltering faith and patient labor were rewarded by seeing his country in full command of her own unequalled market, his hopes and aspirations naturally reached out to the extension of her sceptre in the exchanges of the world.

His fate on the day following this final speech gave it a sanctity commensurate with its significance. If he was great in life he was sublime in death. The cruel shot rang with horror around the world. His country and all mankind followed the changing aspects with alternations of high hope and of deepest gloom. But through all the fluctuations of that

anguishing week, whether encouraged by the highest human skill or looking through the open portal to the eternal morn, he and he alone waited with unquailing spirit, with serene patience and with crowning trust. In that hour he rose to his full height. What a noble exhibition of a God-like nature. Would you know his generosity?—recall his words as he looked upon the miscreant, "Don't let them hurt him." Would you understand his thoughtful chivalry?—remember his immediate admonition, "Do not let them alarm my wife." Would you appreciate his considerate courtesy?—turn to his fine sense, "I am sorry that the Exposition has been shadowed." Would you measure his moral grandeur?—dwell upon that final utterance of sublime submission, "It is God's way; His will, not ours, be done."

If I may return for a moment to Motley's delineation of William of Orange, he portrays that great leader as "certainly possessed of perfect courage at last." The fibre of William McKinley, gentle and supple in its nature, was developed by experience and trial into a sinewy and scathless strength. He was called amiable, but when in the discussion of the terms of the Protocol, conducted by himself, a suggestion was made of his proverbial amiability, the French Ambassador quickly answered, "Mr. President, you are as firm as a rock." He could and did deliberate when time permitted, and when decision was required he could decide with lightning flash. If he "kept his ear to the ground," as the phrase went, it was not only to hear but to know how to guide—it was not to listen to command, but to understand how to lead. He appreciated with Edmund Burke that "he who would lead must sometimes follow," and sometimes when he seemed to

follow he had so dexterously prepared the way that in reality he led. He incarnated the instincts of the people and refined them to their best expression. He firmly trod the earth while his spirit soared to the skies. He was great in deeds and great in speech, for his deeds shaped history and his words swayed the minds and the hearts of men. From the beginning of his career he constantly advanced in public esteem, and as steadily grew in wisdom for the successive emergencies and problems which confronted him.

There are three distinct and transcendent epochs in the development of the American nation—epochs unlike any others and in importance and determining influence far overshadowing all other parts of our history. First is the creating period; second, the redeeming period, and the third, the expanding period. Each of these moulding periods had its great leader rising above all others, divinely endowed and divinely called for its needs and its mission.

The revolutionary and constructive period was resplendent with a matchless group of extraordinary men. Hamilton had consummate creative genius and insight; Jefferson had unrivaled political instinct and mastery; Adams had fervid eloquence and intrepid faith; Franklin had philosophic penetration and grasp; Madison had practical skill and sure judgment; Jay had lofty purity and elevation of soul. But great as they were in their individual and their united strength, they all bowed to the unquestioned ascendency of the overtowering chief, whose awe-inspiring personality dominated every council, whose lofty wisdom guided every policy and whose majestic character was the rock of the national faith.

In the same way the redeeming period presented a brilliant galaxy. There was Seward, with his long leadership, his acute vision and his trained statecraft; there was Chase, with his robust vigor and his eager ambition; there was Stanton, with his impetuous ardor and tireless energy and organizing genius; there was Sumner, with his proud and conscious scholarship, his impatient intensity and his moral force; there was Douglas, who was the Rupert of debate and the stormy petrel of our most turbulent politics; there was Grant, with his conquering sword in the field, and Stevens, with his flaming tongue in the forum. But out of the West, untrained except in the clash of stump debate, untutored save in the self-communion of his own great soul, came the God-given chieftain to whom the acknowledged princes of statesmanship and oratory were fain to yield the sceptre of unchallenged leadership, and whose indomitable faith and exalted inspiration and heroic devotion and almost divine prescience through the mighty struggle for the Union have not been surpassed in all the long and glowing story of liberty's march and humanity's progress.

And so in the expanding period, the halo of which is still over us, there have been strong leaders in the council and in the forum; but towering over all was the paramount figure who will ever stand out as the dominant influence of this epoch of our national history. He was supreme in moral greatness. He was foremost not simply because he was the titular chief but because in clean insight, in sure judgment, in the consummate faculty of knowing what to do and how to do it, he was the undisputed master of all. The preeminence of his political genius was universally recognized. He lived at a time when in its onward develop-

ment it was his fortune to lead the Republic to the attainment of its material independence and power; and then when that policy had reached its fruition it was no less his good fortune to lead it along the new pathways of greatness and glory. If his work was not finished, it was so far advanced and so well marked out that it only remains to follow the course he blazed. His achievements are sure and his impress on the age is indelible. We feel our personal loss; the Republic mourns the President best beloved of all while he lived; but for him history is perfect, and the flawless pages of immortality are opened to be marred never more.

* * *

WILLIAM McKINLEY

In Senate, March 5, 1902.

Mr. Grady offered the following resolution:

Resolved (the Assembly concurring), That the sincere thanks of the Legislature of the State of New York are tendered to the Hon. Charles Emory Smith for his masterly address and graceful and appropriate tribute to the personal virtues and great public services of the late President, William McKinley, at the Legislative memorial exercises, held at the State Capitol on the evening of March 4, 1902.

The President put the question whether the Senate would agree to said resolution, and it was decided in the affirmative.

Ordered, That Clerk deliver said resolution to the Assembly and request their concurrence therein.

The Assembly returned the above resolution, with a message that the Assembly have concurred in the passage of the same.

IN MEMORIAM

In Assembly, March 5, 1902.

Mr. Palmer offered for the consideration of the House a resolution, in the words following:

Resolved, That the thanks of the Assembly be extended to Superintendent of Public Buildings, H. H. Bender, for the splendid decoration of the Assembly Chamber for the McKinley memorial exercises.

Mr. Speaker put the question whether the House would agree to said resolution, and it was determined in the affirmative.

Courtesy Baker Art Gallery,
Columbus, Ohio.

THE STATUE OF WILLIAM McKINLEY,
COLUMBUS, OHIO.

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE UNVEILING OF THE STATUE OF WILLIAM McKINLEY, AT COLUMBUS, O., SEPT. 14, 1906

WILLIAM R. DAY,

JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT

This address was delivered before the largest throng ever assembled in the City of Columbus and in the presence of State and National celebrities.

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We are met at the capital of his native State to dedicate this beautiful memorial to the life and character of one of her noblest sons. Time and place fit the occasion. In this city William McKinley passed four years as Governor of the State, years of study and growth, as his public utterances of that period abundantly show. Believing in the supremacy of the Nation in affairs of state which the Constitution has placed under Federal control, he was ever loyal to his native State and jealous of her reputation and standing in the family of the Union. Born upon the soil of Ohio, he grew to manhood under the fostering care of her institutions. Upon her friendly bosom among kindred and friends whom he loved and cherished, his sacred ashes will rest, and, overlooking his old home, a National memorial will attest the love and gratitude of his countrymen.

Ohio has been prolific of great names in peace and war. No native of the State but feels a just pride in the achievements of her sons. It were useless in this presence to call the roll of her illustrious dead. The Nation knows it. When Ohio shall again be called upon to present her jewels to the State, there will be found within the circle the noble face and figure of the latest of her children who were not born to die.

It is fitting that with such memorials as this we perpetuate the names and fame of our illustrious dead. While they serve to recall their character and achievements, they are also object lessons to the living. How many a youth, as he looks upon the manly face so vividly portrayed by the sculptor, and reads in the groups which surround this statue the lesson of a noble life, will be stimulated to higher endeavor and more resolute purpose to achieve an honorable success.

William McKinley, boy and man, was a type of the best possibilities of American life. Born neither to riches or poverty, he was fortunate in his birth and the heritage of his parentage. Descended from that hardy, vigorous race which has given so many noble men to our country, he was early taught to revere God and respect the rights of his fellow-men. His pious mother, many of whose noble traits found expression in the character of her son, hoped he might follow the ministry of the church which was hers and early in life became his. Although he was destined for a different career, he never forgot or departed from the lessons of simple faith and upright living which this noble woman taught him, hoping that some day he might teach them to others. Every day of his life, whether in the quiet of home, or on the eve of battle, or when pressed with burdens seldom borne by man in the great affairs of state, he quietly and unostentatiously sought help and guidance from on high. Unfaltering as was his devotion to his own faith, he had the broadest toleration for the views of others, and freely conceded to all the liberty of conscience which he claimed for himself, numbering among his friends men of all creeds and shades of religious belief.

Brought into early contact through the business of his father, who was an iron-master, with men who toil in shop and factory, he early conceived a strong sympathy for them, and became an ardent advocate of every measure which he believed would lead to the betterment of their condition and give to them a greater share of the comforts of living. Later he expressed this sympathy and his belief in the advantages to be derived from improved conditions, when he said:

"The labor of the country constitutes its strength and its wealth; and the better that labor is conditioned, the higher its rewards, the wider its opportunities, and the greater its comforts and refinements, the more sacred will be our homes, the more capable will be our children and the nobler will be the destiny that awaits us."

From the school he heard the call of his country to her sons, and at once stepped into the ranks as a defender of the Union. His associates in arms, officers in the regiment, included such lawyers as Hayes and Matthews, and in their companionship, while a valiant soldier, he determined to adopt the legal profession as his calling, should he survive the perils of war.

He missed the college education he had hoped to acquire, but gained the benefit in the formation of character which comes from a soldier's life. He learned not to be unduly elated by success or depressed by defeat. He learned to help others bear the hardships of march and camp.

The war over, he was fortunate in beginning the preparation for his calling under a judge distinguished for his learning and ability. Admitted to practice in the Ohio courts, he followed a beloved sister who had located in Canton, and began alone the struggle for

business and livelihood. His opportunity soon came when an established lawyer called upon him to present a cause to the local court. With a night's preparation, without the usual apology for inexperience, with perfect self-possession and courteous manner he presented his first argument and won his first case. For ten years he steadily pursued his calling, always courteous, always prepared and thorough in the presentation of his cause. He surely would have reached high station at the bar had not people called him to their service by sending him to the National Congress the same year that saw his old commander chosen President of the United States. For fourteen years he served his people as their representative, steadily gaining in weight and influence, acquiring recognition for his ability as a debater and admiration for his sterling qualities of character as a man. He had ample opportunity to advocate his theory of taxation for the protection of home manufacturers and the betterment of American labor, this service culminating in the preparation and passage of the tariff measure which bore his name.

In recording his devoted service to the cause of protection to American industries we are apt to overlook the fact that he rendered efficient service in Congress as a member of the Judiciary Committee of the House. His legal training stood him well in hand in the labors of that important committee. His arguments upon legal questions before the House are marked by clearness of expression and comprehensive grasp of his subject, leading to just conclusions. He made notable speeches on the counting of a quorum, the election of a successor to Garfield in the House, and a system of arbitration which showed familiarity

with legal principles and a soundness of judgment creditable to the profession of which he was a member. He was a great believer in the value of a legal education and the training which comes from contests of the forum. "Find me the best lawyer who will undertake the work" was not infrequently said by him when he was considering who should be asked to undertake important service.

A temporary revulsion of sentiment in the country, aided by a gerrymander of the Ohio Congressional districts which made success impossible, ended his Congressional career.

He believed in the soundness of his views, and, without a moment's hesitation or the slightest bitterness of thought or expression, he declared his adherence to his principles in defeat no less than success, and his party in Ohio put its standard in his hands and he led it to victory after one of the most arduous campaigns in a state celebrated for great political struggles. Again he led his party in a gubernatorial campaign, visiting in the meantime many parts of the country, and everywhere received by his countrymen with such approval that his nomination for the Presidency in 1896 was inevitable.

For the first time in the history of political campaigns his countrymen in thousands called upon their candidate at his modest home, and his bearing and utterances advanced him in their esteem and had much to do with the triumph of his party which called him to the highest office in the people's gift.

His great work was still before him. He found our relations with Spain in a critical condition, due to the irritating situation in Cuba. He determined to do all within the range of his official duties to better the

condition of the Cuban people, to relieve the strain upon our country, and, if possible, to accomplish these ends without an appeal to arms. These purposes are the key to his Cuban policy, steadily pursued with much accomplished, when the unlooked-for happened in the treacherous anchoring of the Maine, where she became the easy prey of malicious persons bent upon her destruction. The President realized that he could no longer hope for a peaceable settlement which did not include the withdrawal of Spain from the American continent, and he promptly advised our minister at Madrid that only such a settlement would be satisfactory, and that no assistance could be afforded to further plans of so-called autonomy under Spanish rule. For such a settlement he worked with untiring zeal, while preparing for the resort to arms, until the passage of the resolutions demanding withdrawal was met by Spain sending to General Woodford his passports, and war had come.

When history shall record the events of that brief struggle it will be known how truly the President directed the forces by land and sea.

He had been a soldier, but he loved peace, and knew in her victories was our best security. He dreaded the suffering which must come to a people in the loss of its young and gallant sons more than all the treasure that war would cost, but he knew that being in the conflict it was merciful to bend every effort to its successful prosecution.

No responsibility of his eventful administration rested more profoundly upon his heart and mind than that which involved the exercise of the treaty-making power in determining the fate of the Philippine Islands. He did not seek and would gladly have avoided

the necessity of carrying our governmental responsibility to distant people unused to self-government, and having little in common with our institutions and aspirations. After the most careful consideration he reached the conclusion that we could not abandon these people to their fate, or throw them as a bone of contention among the nations.

With a full appreciation of the difficulties involved, he finally concluded that our duty demanded that the United States take title to these islands, and instructed the Peace Commissioners to demand their cession, at the same time extending liberal concessions to a vanquished foe. He was actuated by no desire to bring dependent people under imperial control. As he himself declared, his purpose was rather to deliver ten millions of people from the yoke of imperialism. He believed in the power of the American Nation, as declared by Chief Justice Marshall in one of his great judgments, to acquire territory in the ways known to civilized nations. And he believed with equal confidence that the representatives of the people, exercising the powers conferred by the Constitution, might be trusted to see that the people who come under our flag shall have the inestimable privileges of self-government as fast as they are capable of exercising them for themselves.

In that great state paper which directed the formation of the first Philippine government he required that it should embrace the right of the people to enjoy all the rights and privileges secured by the Bill of Rights of the American Constitution to our own citizens for the protection of life, liberty and property— except, it is true, trial by jury, unknown to the established system of jurisprudence in the civilized parts of the

islands, and wholly unadapted to other people inhabiting the archipelago. He declared our principles should suffer no change by their application to new conditions, and he never for an instant forgot that his country stood among the Nations for the right of the people to govern themselves, and that with more than a million of his countrymen, he, too, had fought and thousands of his comrades had died upon the field of battle to perpetuate a government "of the people, by the people and for the people."

"Man is neither master of his life nor of his fate. He can but offer to his fellow-men his efforts to diminish human suffering; he can but offer to God his indomitable faith in the growth of liberty."

More clearly than some of our own statesmen, Mr. Gladstone foresaw the sure growth in influence of the American in the world, and of it said:

"Will it be instinct with moral life in proportion to its material strength? One thing is certain: his temptations will multiply with his power, his responsibilities with his opportunities. Will the seed be sown among the thorns? Will worthlessness overrun the ground and blight its flowers and its fruit? On the answer to these questions and to such as these it will depend whether this new revelation of power on the earth is also to be a revelation of virtue, whether it shall prove a blessing or a curse. May heaven avert every dark omen, and grant that the latest and largest growth of the great Christian civilization shall also be the brightest and best."

No man felt the weight of these portentious questions more keenly than did William McKinley.

If William McKinley were alive to-day he would deplore the instances of faithlessness to public trust

and private duty which have been disclosed to the country. But his confidence in his countrymen and the institutions of free government would give no countenance to the pessimistic spirit which sees in these recent developments the downfall of the Republic and the end of popular government.

He would find rather in the aroused public conscience the evidence that the American people are arrayed as never before against corruption in high places, and have entered upon a campaign of purification in public and private life which does not mean that shortcoming has never existed before or that our standards of conduct have lowered, but that the people are arising in their might to end such conditions and speed the day when the betrayal of public trust shall be as obnoxious as criminal attacks upon life or property. He would have believed that the great mass of the American people are true to the principles upon which the country was founded, and know that our safety lies in an honest administration of public affairs and an insistence upon high standards of integrity in private life, with obedience to laws enforced with an equal hand alike upon the rich and upon the poor. He would have found assurance for his faith in the people making straight any paths which are still crooked in the fact that, with few exceptions, American statesmen are patriotic men of clean lives, honestly and faithfully discharging their duties to the public, and that venal practices which would have been condoned twenty-five years ago would end the career of a public man today. That the standards of conduct have advanced, not retrograded, and that the great body of our public men are neither corrupt nor corruptible.

We may be too near the events to weigh with the impartiality of the historian the achievements of his administration. Of some things it is as certain now as it will be a century hence; he found the country in the slough of financial and industrial despond; he left it prosperous as never before in its history. He conducted a short and brilliant war which liberated a people and brought forth a new nation. He directed a peace of unexampled liberality toward a conquered foe, and the making of a treaty of peace which took millions of people under the protection of our flag, and began their tutelage for enlightened self-government. He set an example of liberality and fairness in the treatment of the people of the far East which required only remuneration for offenses committed against our citizens and left their territory unspoiled by seizure against their will. His country became as never before a power among the nations, and her flag the only passport needed to insure the protection of the rights of her citizens. He crowned all with a clean life, an unspotted character, and a devotion to the simple duties of home and fireside which have made his name a synonym for all that is best in the most sacred relations of son, husband and father.

William McKinley was devoted to his country and its institutions. He did not concur in the Napoleonic theory that a man in power should undertake to shape events to his own selfish purpose. He believed the sober sense of the people of a republic was the ultimate appeal of the statesman. To every question of public policy he gave the most earnest and careful thought, and sought to guide public sentiment in the channels which he considered to be the best for the general good. He delighted to take his countrymen in-

to his confidence as to his plans and purposes by frequent visits among them and frank utterances in their presence. He was ever of the people and kept in touch with them. We may learn his ideals of the duties of a chief magistrate in the words spoken by him of his great predecessor:

"What were the traits of character which made Abraham Lincoln prophet and master, without a rival, in the great crisis of our history?

"What gave him such mighty power? To me the answer is simple; Lincoln had sublime faith in the people. He walked with and among them. He recognized the importance and power of an enlightened public sentiment and was guided by it. Even amid the vicissitudes of war he concealed little from public view and inspection. In all he did he invited rather than evaded examination and criticism. He submitted his plans and purposes, as far as practicable, to public consideration with perfect frankness and sincerity. There was such homely simplicity in his character that it could not be hedged in by the pomp of place or the ceremonies of high official station. He was so accessible to the public that he seemed to take the whole people into his confidence. Here, perhaps, was one secret of his power. The people never lost their confidence in him, however much they unconsciously added to his personal discomforts and trials. His patience was almost superhuman, and who will say that he was mistaken in the treatment of the thouands who thronged continually about him. More than once when reproached for permitting visitors to crowd upon him. he asked in pained surprise: 'Why, what harm does this confidence in men do me? I get only good inspiration from it.' "

How unconsciously, yet how truthfully, in this picture he holds the mirror up to his own character and conduct.

No less faithfully has he drawn his own portrait, when, saying of him:

"Lincoln had a happy, peculiar habit, which few public men have attained, of looking away from the deceptive and misleading influences about him—and none are more deceptive than those of public life in our capital—straight into the hearts of the people. He could not be deceived by the self-interested host of eager counsellors who sought to enforce their own peculiar views upon him as the views of the country. He chose to determine for himself what the people were thinking about and wanting to do, and no man ever lived who was a more accurate judge of their opinions and wishes."

William McKinley knew a war begun, without exhausting every means of reaching an honorable peace, would not be justified by the sober sense of the people.

He knew that neither law nor fact, when fully discussed and fairly developed, would justify the recognition of the so-called Cuban Republic, and he stood like a rock against the folly of such a course, and time has vindicated the wisdom of his position. When his mind was made up he was firm and immovable. Seeking the advice and listening to the opinions of others associated in the responsibilities of his administration, he was the executive head of the government, and took the responsibility of ultimate decision upon himself.

Turn again to his picture of Lincoln:

"He was neither an autocrat nor a tyrant. If he moved slowly sometimes it was better to move slowly, and, like the successful general he was, he was only waiting for his reserves to come up. Possessing almost unlimited power, he yet carried himself like one of the humblest of men. He weighed every subject. He considered and reflected upon every phase of public duty. He got the average judgment of the plain people."

As truly as Abraham Lincoln, William McKinley believed that this average judgment was the power that should control in the public affairs of a free people.

Burke has said: "A disposition to preserve and an ability to improve, taken together, would be my standard of a statesman." William McKinley's career was a steady growth from his entrance into public life to his last speech at Buffalo, which comes to us with the force of the last words of wisdom and the tender beauty of a benediction.

The first of protectionists, he lived to see his country developed until it led the manufacturing nations of the world, when more markets must be sought for our products, and he boldly declared for an enlightened public policy which should seek the reciprocal trade of the world without impairing the present high standard of American production and wages.

In touching words, bidding farewell to his neighbors and townsmen, when, leaving them to take up the untried duties of the Presidency, he declared:

"To all of us the future is as a sealed book, but if I can, by official act or administration or utterance in any degree add to the prosperity and unity of our be-

loved country and the advancement and well-being of our splendid citizenship, I will devote the best and most unselfish efforts of my life to that end."

To promote the restoration of cordial feeling between the sections of our country which had been in deadly difference was a purpose close to his heart. Early in his administration he found a gallant son of the South in the most important consular position within his gift. To the partisan demand for his removal to make place for another he returned the same answer that he afterwards made to Spain when she requested his removal, that it would not be thought of so long as he did his duty with the devotion and patriotism which characterized his acts. When war came he had the satisfaction of giving to Fitzhugh Lee a commission to lead the sons of those who had worn the gray, as well as those who had worn the blue, against the enemy of a common country. He had the supreme satisfaction of seeing the sectional line disappear in the devotion to country of those who had met but a few years before in the strife of the greatest of civil conflicts. He believed that war had been prosecuted to make this a Union in fact as well as in name, and he stirred the Southern heart with love when he declared in the presence of a great gathering at Atlanta:

"Every soldier's grave made during our unfortunate civil war is a tribute to American valor."

So responsive had he found his Southern brethren to his expression of good will that the following day he gave utterance to sentiments which expressed his gratitude in these fervent words:

"Reunited! Glorious realization! It expresses the thought of my mind and the long deferred consum-

mation of my heart's desire as I stand in this presence. It interprets the hearty demonstration here witnessed, and is the patriotic refrain of all sections and all lovers of the republic. Reunited—one country again and one country forever!—Proclaim it from the press and pulpit; teach it in the schools, write it across the skies. The world sees it and feels it. It cheers every heart North and South, and brightens the life of every American home. Let nothing ever strain it again. At peace with all the world and with one another, what can stand in the pathway of our progress and prosperity?"

When he lay upon his bed of suffering no messages could exceed in sympathy and love those which came from the Southland. Had there been room to receive them, his funeral cortege would have numbered thousands who had borne arms against the Union. "When he lived"—as Motley said of the martyred William of Orange—"he was the guiding star of a whole brave people; when he died, the little children cried in the streets."

William McKinley loved his home and cherished his friends. There is a closer tie between the dwellers in the smaller communities than is possible in the rush and diversity of interest and attraction in large cities. The good old-fashioned word "neighbor" means much to those who depend upon one another closely in the daily walk of life, and who turn naturally to those near them in time of sorrow and distress.

No matter to what heights of success he arose, coming home, President McKinley was ever the same to neighbors and friends of his early manhood. To others he may have been the ruler of the first of nations, intrusted with power to make or mar a people's

destiny. At home he was ever the guide, counsellor and friend of those who knowing him best loved him most. His ideal of home was one of peace and comfort, not extravagance and display. "The American home," he declared, "where honesty, sobriety and truth preside, and a simple every-day virtue without pomp and ostentation, is practised, is the nursery of all true education." It is in homes such as this that the people bereft of one of their own, mourn his departure. It was in the upbuilding of such homes that William McKinley found the highest duty of constructive statesmanship and the true safeguard of Republican institutions.

One who knew and loved him, and had seen the beauty of his home life, has well said:

"From the front porch of a cottage covered with vines yonder at Canton, the outline sketch of two lives has been thrown, so beautiful in their loyalty to one another that good men everywhere stand in silence before it while the womanhood of the world seeing the knightliness of love which alters not, draw near, from stations high and low, to salute the picture with the benediction of their tears."

Who shall speak adequately of the gentleness and kindness of this strong man? Cardinal Newman has said: "It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say that he is one who never inflicts pain." If that be the test, he was indeed one, "Who wore without reproach the grand old name of gentleman."

William McKinley never consciously wronged a fellow-being. It was his rule not only to refrain from inflicting pain, but to scatter joy wherever he could. He would step aside from a march of retreat to assure a weeping mother, who loved the Union, that defeat

was but for a day and would be turned into victory. Steadfast in his friendship, he would not swerve from loyalty for the glittering prize of the Presidency. Enduring the burdens which came before, during and after the war, no word of impatience ever escaped his lips, and he met the people with a smile of welcome and a word of encouragement. He would turn from the most important affair of state to give a flower to a little child, or to say some kindly word to a visitor for whom he could do no more. Resentments he had none. He believed that life was too short to give any of his time to cherishing animosity. Sensitive to criticism, no one ever heard him utter an unkind word of another. He met calumny with silence and unfair criticism with charity. His was the gospel of cheerfulness. His presence was sunshine, never gloom; his encouraging words dispelled doubt and nerved others to their duty.

In the fullness of life, with a message of good will and kindness yet fresh on his lips, meeting the people who delighted to testify that affection and appreciation which was his highest reward for faithful and unremitting service, he was felled to earth for no other offense than that in his person he represented the head of the nation, and stood for liberty regulated by law, and not for that unbridled license which knows no respect for the laws of God or man.

"The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good will toward men."

So gentle, kind and true had been this life that not even his slayer could strike at him. With this gentleness what mighty strength! Death meets all on

equal terms. The man as he is then stands unveiled. With so much to make life dear, this gentle man did not falter when the summons came. Looking forward to retirement in the home he loved, sure of the affection of his countrymen and the respect of the world, holding the hand of his loved companion, whose welfare had ever been the first purpose of his life, and whose returning strength had made the last summer one of his brightest, he entered the shadow of death with no murmur at his fate, leaning on the rod and staff which had comforted his fathers, died as he had lived in humble submission to the will of God.

He lives in the love of his countrymen. His memory grows brighter with the years; the nobleness of his life, the sublime heroism of his death shall never perish from the thoughts of men. He lives in the thousands of homes where comfort and domestic peace reflect the wisdom of his statesmanship. He lives in the beneficence of his example at every hearth where succeeding generations shall recount the strength and beauty of his character and tell again the story of his life.

Courtesy Courtney Studio,
Canton, Ohio.

THE McKINLEY STATUE.
CANTON, OHIO.
(See inscription on another page.)

IN MEMORIAM

WILLIAM MCKINLEY

PRESIDENT

OF

THE UNITED STATES

A STATESMEN SINGULARLY GIFTED TO UNITE THE DISCORDANT FORCES OF GOVERNMENT AND MOULD THE DIVERSE PURPOSES OF MEN TOWARD PROGRESSIVE AND SALUTARY ACTION, A MAGISTRATE WHOSE POISE OF JUDGEMENT WAS TESTED AND VINDICATED IN A SUCCESSION OF NATIONAL EMERGENCIES, GOOD CITIZEN, BRAVE SOLDIER, WISE EXECUTIVE, HELPER AND LEADER OF MEN, EXEMPLAR TO HIS PEOPLE OF THE VIRTUES THAT BUILD AND CONSERVE THE STATE SOCIETY AND THE HOME

MEMORIAL DEDICATION POEM

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

The dedication of the McKinley monument and statue at Canton, Ohio, on September 30th, 1907, was attended by a throng of 50,000 people. The Governor of the State, the President of the United States, members of his cabinet, many Senators and Congressmen and others of note were present.

Mr. Riley was introduced by Governor Andrew L. Harris, who presided.

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He said: "It is God's way;
His will, not ours, be done—"
And o'er our land a shadow lay
That darkened all the sun;
The voice of Jubilee,
That gladdened all the air,
Fell sudden to a quavering key
Of suppliance and prayer.
He was our chief—our guide—
Sprung from our common earth,
From youth's long struggle proved and tried
To manhood's highest worth;
Through toil, he knew all needs
Of all his toiling kind—
The favored striver who succeeds—
The one who falls behind.
The boy's young faith he still
Retained through years mature—
The faith to labor, hand and will,
Nor doubt the harvest sure—
The harvest of man's love—
A nation's joy, that swells
To heights of song, or deeps whereof
But sacred silence tells.
To him his county seemed,
Even as a mother, where
He rested—slept; and once he dreamed—
As on her bosom there—

And thrilled to hear, within
That dream of her, the call
Of bugles and the clang and din
Of war, and o'er it all
His rapt eyes caught the bright
Old banner, winging wild,
And beck'ning him as to the fight,
When—even as a child—
He wakened and the dream
Was real! And he leapt,
As lead the proud flag through a gleam,
Of tears the mother wept.
His was a tender hand—
Even as a woman's is—
And yet as fixed, in right's command,
As this bronze hand of his:
This was the soldier brave—
This was the victor fair—
This is the hero heaven gave
To glory here—and there.

MEMORIAL DEDICATION ADDRESS

PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT

This address was delivered at Canton, Ohio, September 30th, 1907, on the occasion of the dedication of the McKinley Monument.

In the presence of a vast throng and in the immediate presence of a distinguished company, Governor Harris introduced the speaker.

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We have gathered together today to pay our meed of respect and affection to the memory of William McKinley, who as President won a place in the hearts of the American people such as but three or four of all the presidents of this country have ever won. He was of singular uprightness and purity of character, alike in public and in private life; a citizen who loved peace, he did his duty faithfully and well for four years of war when the honor of the Nation called him to arms. As congressman, as governor of his state, and finally as President, he rose to the foremost place among our statesmen, reaching a position which would satisfy the keenest ambition; but he never lost that simple and thoughtful kindness toward every human being, great or small, lofty or humble, with whom he was brought in contact, which so endeared him to our people.

He had to grapple with more serious and complex problems than any president since Lincoln, and yet, while meeting every demand of statesmanship, he continued to live a beautiful and touching family life, a life very healthy for this nation to see in its foremost citizen; and now the woman who walked in the shadow ever after his death, the wife to whom his loss was a

calamity more crushing than it could be to any other human being, lies beside him here in the same sepulcher.

There is a singular appropriateness in the inscription on his monument. Mr. Cortelyou, whose relations with him were of such close intimacy, gives me the following information about it: On the President's trip to the Pacific slope in the spring of 1901 President Wheeler, of the University of California, conferred the degree of LL. D. upon him in words so well chosen that they struck the fastidious taste of John Hay, then secretary of state, who wrote and asked for a copy of them from President Wheeler. On the receipt of this copy he sent the following letter to President McKinley, a letter which now seems filled with a strange and unconscious prescience.

"Dear Mr. President:

President Wheeler sent me the inclosed at my request. You will have the words in more permanent shape. They seem to me remarkably well chosen, and stately and dignified enough to serve—long hence, please God—as your epitaph.

Yours, faithfully,

JOHN HAY.

"University of California

"Office of the President

"By authority vested in me by the regents of the University of California, I confer the degree of Doctor of Laws upon William McKinley, President of the United States, a statesman singularly gifted to unite the discordant forces of the government and mold the diverse purposes of men toward progressive and salutary action, a magistrate whose poise of judgment has

been tested and vindicated in a succession of national emergencies; good citizen, brave soldier, wise executive, helper and leader of men, exemplar to his people of the virtues that build and conserve the state, society, and the home.

"Berkeley, May 15, 1901."

It would be hard to imagine an epitaph which a good citizen would be more anxious to deserve or one which would more happily describe the qualities of that great and good citizen whose life we here commemorate. He possessed to a very remarkable degree the gift of uniting discordant forces and securing from them a harmonious action which told for good government. From purposes not merely diverse, but bitterly conflicting, he was able to secure healthful action for the good of the state. In both poise and judgment he rose level to several emergencies he had to meet as leader of the nation, and like all men with the root of true greatness in them he grew to steadily larger stature under the stress of heavy responsibilities. He was a good citizen and a brave soldier, a chief executive whose wisdom entitled him to the trust which he received throughout the nation. He was not only a leader of men but preeminently a helper of men; for one of his most marked traits was the intensely human quality of his wide and deep sympathy. Finally, he not merely preached, he was, that most valuable of all citizens in a democracy like ours, a man who in the highest place served as an unconscious example to his people of the virtues that build and conserve alike our public life, and the foundation of all public life, the intimate life of the home.

Many lessons are taught by his career, but none more valuable than the lesson of broad human sym-

pathy for and among all of our citizens of all classes and creeds. No other President has ever more deserved to have his life work characterized in Lincoln's words as being carried on 'with malice toward none, with charity toward all.' As a boy he worked hard with his hands; he entered the army as a private soldier; he knew poverty; he earned his own livelihood and by his own exertions he finally rose to the position of a man of moderate means. Not merely was he in personal touch with farmer and town dweller, with capitalist and wageworker, but he felt an intimate understanding of each, and therefore an intimate sympathy with each; and his consistent effort was to try to judge all by the same standard and to treat all with the same justice. Arrogance toward the weak, and envious hatred of those well off, were equally abhorrent to his just and gentle soul.

Surely this attitude of his should be the attitude of all our people today. It would be a cruel disaster to this country to permit ourselves to adopt an attitude of hatred and envy toward success worthily won, toward wealth honestly acquired. Let us in this respect profit by the example of the people of the republics in this western hemisphere to the south of us. Some of these republics have prospered greatly, but there are certain ones that have lagged far behind, that still continue in a condition of material poverty, of social and political unrest and confusion.

Without exception the republics of the former class are those in which honest industry has been assured of reward and protection; those where a cordial welcome has been extended to the kind of enterprise which benefits the whole country, while incidentally,

as is right and proper, giving substantial rewards to those who manifest it. On the other hand, the poor and backward republics, the republics in which the lot of the average citizen is least desirable, and the lot of the laboring man worst of all, are precisely those republics in which industry has been killed because wealth exposed its owner to spoliation. To these communities foreign capital now rarely comes, because it has been found that as soon as capital is employed so as to give substantial remuneration to those supplying it, it excites ignorant envy and hostility, which result in such oppressive action, within or without the law, as sooner or later to work a virtual confiscation. Every manifestation of feeling of this kind in our civilization should be crushed at the outset by the weight of a sensible public opinion.

From the standpoint of our material prosperity there is only one other thing as important as the discouragement of a spirit of envy and hostility toward honest business men, toward honest men of means; this is the discouragement of dishonest business men, the war upon the chicanery and wrongdoing which are peculiarly repulsive, peculiarly noxious, when exhibited by men who have no excuse of want, of poverty, of ignorance, for their crimes.

Men of means, and above all men of great wealth, can exist in safety under the peaceful protection of the state, only in orderly societies, where liberty manifests itself through and under the law. It is these men who, more than any others, should, in the interests of the class to which they belong, in the interests of their children and their children's children, seek in every way, but especially in the conduct of their lives, to in-

sist upon and to build up respect for the law. It may not be true from the standpoint of some particular individual of this class, but in the long run it is pre-eminently true from the standpoint of the class as a whole, no less than of the country as a whole, that it is a veritable calamity to achieve a temporary triumph by violation or evasion of the law; and we are the best friends of the man of property; we show ourselves the staunchest upholders of the rights of property, when we set our faces like flint against those offenders who do wrong in order to acquire great wealth or who use this wealth as a help to wrongdoing.

Wrongdoing is confined to no class. Good and evil are to be found among both rich and poor, and in drawing the line among our fellows we must draw it on conduct and not on worldly possessions. In the abstract most of us will admit this. In the concrete we can act upon such doctrine only if we really have knowledge of and sympathy with one another. If both the wage-worker and the capitalist are able to enter each into the other's life, to meet him so as to get into genuine sympathy with him, most of the misunderstanding between them will disappear and its place will be taken by a judgment broader, juster, more kindly, and more generous; for each will find in the other the same essential human attributes that exist in himself. It was President McKinley's peculiar glory that in actual practice he realized this as it is given to but few men to realize it; that his broad and deep sympathies made him feel a genuine sense of oneness with all his fellow-Americans, whatever their station or work in life, so that to his soul they were all joined with him in a great brotherly democracy of the

spirit. It is not given to many of us in our lives actually to realize this attitude to the extent that he did; but we can at least have it before us as the goal of our endeavor, and by so doing we shall pay honor better than in any other way to the memory of the dead President whose services in life we this day commemorate.

Courtesy, Courtney Studio,
Canton, Ohio.

THE McKINLEY MONUMENT, CANTON, OHIO.
(Front view.)

THIS MONUMENT WAS CONSTRUCTED AT A COST OF
$525,000, WHICH REPRESENTS THE CONTRIBUTIONS
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WILLIAM McKINLEY

MARLIN E. OLMSTEAD
Congressman Harrisburgh, Pennsylvania

This address was given before the Young Men's Republican Tariff Club of Pittsburgh, Pa., January 29th, 1912.

This Club, as does the Tippecanoe Club, observes annually McKinley Day.

The banquet was held in the banquet hall of The Schenley, Pittsburgh.

Other speakers were Senator Boies Penrose and Congressman John Dalzell.

Toastmaster, Senator William E. Crow, introduced the speaker.

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This nation was made possible under Washington, saved from the Valley of Death under Lincoln, and rescued from impending bankruptcy, magnified, glorified and made a world power under William McKinley.

Descended from an ancestor who plied his trade as weaver in York, Pa.; the seventh child of the manager of an iron foundry; born in a little wooden building used partly as a store and partly as a dwelling; with no surroundings of luxury or wealth and no unusual educational advantages; he was just a typical average American boy, a sample of the product of our American life. He inherited from his parents a strong constitution and acquired from them and their teachings the attributes of a noble and lofty character and habits of great industry; with these as a foundation he worked out his own destiny.

When, at the age of 21, he began the study of law, he was already a Grand Army veteran. With four years of army service to his credit, he wore that little

bronze button with as much pride as any honor subsequently bestowed upon him by a grateful people. He had enlisted as a private, participated in many conflicts, been twice promoted for gallant service on the field of battle, and honorably discharged at the end of the war with the rank of major.

In 1876, at the age of 33, he was elected to Congress and served for seven consecutive terms.

By close application, industry and ability he gradually compelled recognition as a leader, and in 1889 was one of several candidates for the speakership, standing next to Thomas B. Reed, who, on the third ballot, defeated him.

Upon the death of William D. Kelly of Pennsylvania, he became chairman of the ways and means committee and floor leader of his party in the House. He had already become a champion of protection, and in that Congress introduced, and after a protracted struggle secured the passage of the famous McKinley tariff bill.

As the result of a gerrymandered district he was, in 1890, defeated for re-election to Congress. Outraged by the treatment he had received, the people of Ohio elected him governor by the highest vote ever cast for that office.

In 1892, owing largely to misrepresentation and misunderstanding of his tariff bill, and to the high cost of living which was charged up to it, the Republican party was hurled from power and the Democrats, succeeding to all branches of the government, promptly repealed the McKinley bill. There immediately set in a flowing tide of distrust, distress and bankruptcy. The cost of the necessities of life was indeed reduced, in dollars and cents, but in human labor, was so increased

as to put them out of reach, and by 1896 there were more than 1,000,000 unemployed men.

The people again longed for a return to the principles of which William McKinley was the avowed champion. Having in the meantime been re-elected governor of Ohio by an enormous vote, he was in that year nominated for the presidency upon the first ballot over his nearest competitor, Thomas B. Reed, who, seven years before, had defeated him for the speakership.

Had McKinley been made speaker, then Reed would have become chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. It would have been the Reed bill instead of the McKinley bill. McKinley would have continued speaker and Reed would have become president of the United States.

It was as the champion of protection that McKinley rode to power and glory. He declared that it was not merely a theory with him, but a conviction.

He never changed his convictions to secure delegates or to catch votes. Even in the hour of his party's defeat he prophetically declared that "The principles and policies of that bill will yet win a greater victory for our party than we have ever had before."

He had been chairman of the platform committee in the national convention of 1884 and framed the strong protective platform then adopted. In his second gubernatorial campaign he advocated a protective tariff more strongly than ever, and when, in 1896, the people chose him for their highest office by an overwhelming majority, they did so because they looked upon him as the living embodiment and very personification of that principle.

My first appearance in Congress was in the extra session which he called immediately after his inauguration. My first speech was made and my first vote cast in favor of the Dingley tariff bill, framed along the lines of the McKinley bill. Whether all the good things that followed were purely the result of that enactment need not be discussed. The fact remains that, as by the wand of the magician, the clouds of adversity which had been hanging over the country were changed to clouds of smoke pouring from thousands of stacks all over the land. The wheels of industry began to revolve and the spindles to hum; the sound of the pick was again heard; cars moved from sidings into active use upon the main tracks; a million idle men were put to work; soup houses were abolished; business confidence was restored, and all went merry as a marriage bell.

It is only 15 years since tariff for revenue only was supplemented by a protective tariff, and yet within that short decade and a half the amount paid annually in wages for labor has more than doubled; the annual value of agricultural products has more than doubled; the business of our railroads and the products of our mines and of our factories have more than doubled; the amount of money in circulation in the country has more than doubled; our exports and imports have more than doubled—in brief, the great volume of our commerce, both foreign and domestic, has more than doubled in that short time.

Under the system of protection to American labor, Pennsylvania has "waxed fat and kicked"—sometimes, but never at protection. That you believe in it is manifest from the name of your organization—Young Men's Republican Tariff Club.

Since William McKinley left Congress the principle of protection has never had in that body a champion more loyal or more able than Pennsylvania's present representative upon the Ways and Means Committee, your own Congressman John Dalzell.

The principle of protection has never had in the Senate two more zealous advocates than our own present senators, one of whom, Senator George T. Oliver, is from your own city.

No member of the United States Senate from Pennsylvania has ever achieved a position of more commanding power and influence in that body, more faithfully supported the principles and policies of William McKinley, than the present chairman of the Committee on Finance, our modest, senior senator, your guest of honor tonight, Boies Penrose.

William McKinley devoted many weary nights and days and months to the preparation of his tariff bill. He submitted to the House an elaborate report, explaining, in great detail, all its provisions. Upon the floor of the House there was almost endless discussion of the bill and scores of amendments were offered.

In the present Congress our Democratic friends forced through the House a bill affecting billions of capital, millions of workingmen, and many millions of government revenues. It had been hastily thrown together. There was no committee report explaining its provisions. It was jammed through the House under a special rule which out-Reeded Reed and out-Cannoned Cannon.

It allowed only two hours to either side for debate and permitted no amendments whatever to be offered. That bill embraced the cotton schedule, the steel and iron schedule, and the chemical schedule. Let

me illustrate its crudeness by a single instance. We have had for many years an internal revenue tax of $1.20 per gallon upon distilled spirits or proof alcohol. To protect that we have an import duty of $2.25 per gallon, and upon some compounds containing alcohol, even higher duties. Forgetting all about the internal revenue, our Democratic statesmen in their bill reduced the import duties in certain paragraphs in the chemical schedule, so that the government would have lost the internal revenue while the American manufacturer would have been driven out of business and thousands of employes thrown out of work, because the internal revenue tax upon his products manufactured here would have been in many instances more than 10 times the tariff imposed upon his importing competitor.

The tariff bills passed by the Democrats at the extra session of Congress were so carelessly drawn that in many particulars there was great uncertainty as to what articles were covered by their provisions and no living expert could estimate their effect upon the revenues. They were tariff bills for politics only, and there was so much of that article injected into some of their provisions that it was thought by some that the President would not dare refuse to sign them. Fortunately we have in the White House another noble son of Ohio, who puts principle above political or personal advantage, and just as those monstrosities of legislation would have been vetoed by William McKinley they were vetoed by our wise and patriotic President, William H. Taft.

President McKinley would have vetoed the provision for the recall of judges, just as President Taft vetoed it in the case of Arizona. He had great respect for our courts and believed in maintaining their inde-

pendence. He never would have agreed that they should be placed in a position of constant fear of offending corporate managers or political bosses, requiring them to trim their sails and adjust their decisions to temporary gusts of popular favor.

Taking advantage of the popular sentiment in favor of so amending the federal constitution as to provide for the election of United States senators by direct vote of the people, the Democrats in Congress, controlled by the south, have inseparably interwoven with that proposition another amendment taking away the power which, from the foundation of this government, has been vested in Congress, to regulate the election of both senators and representatives. President McKinley would not have agreed to that. He agreed with Thomas Jefferson that the nation which has not the right to preserve the purity and freedom of election of its highest legislative body may easily be dissolved; and as far back as 1879 he declared that, 'If the Constitution is to be ignored; if free and honest elections can not be held everywhere throughout the country, free government is as effectively overthrown as if it had been done by the sword.' The Democratic measure now pending proposes not merely to ignore, but absolutely to repeal, that constitutional provision. President McKinley, if he were here now, would certainly favor the Bristow amendment, which limits the change in the Constitution to a simple provision for the election of senators by the people, leaving to Congress the power it already has to protect those elections from fraud and corruption.

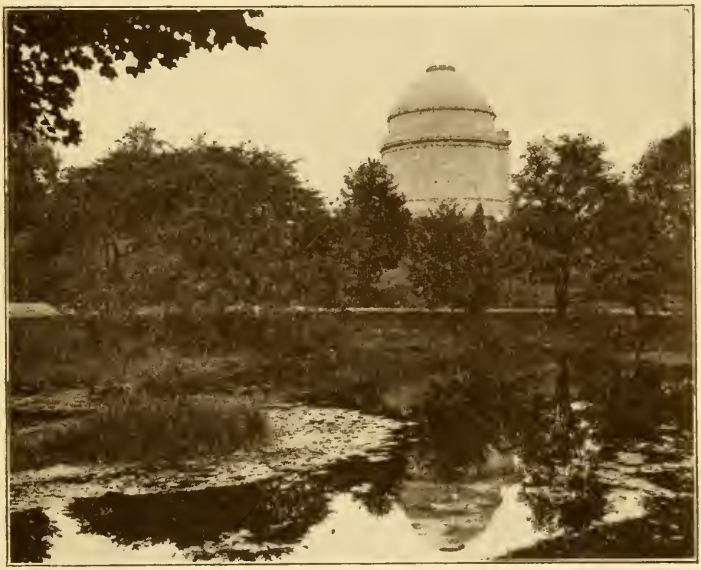
If we except Washington and Lincoln, there has been no president under whose administration so much of history was made as that of William McKinley. The

map of the world was changed. The flag was planted in another hemisphere, there to remain the symbol of law, of progress, and of peace, and to wave in blessing over peoples who had long been oppressed. Hawaii and Tutuila were annexed. As a result of the war with Spain, we acquired Porto Rico, the Philippines and Guam, and Cuba was set free. Difficult and delicate international questions of the utmost importance were handled with consummate skill and wonderful success. The task of tranquillizing and governing our new possessions was successfully accomplished. During these strenuous times the eight-hour law, which he had advocated in Congress, did not apply to the president, whose labors frequently continued beyond the midnight hour. None who knew him in those trying days can ever forget that in the midst of his cares and troubles and responsibilities he never for one instant failed to display the wonderful gentleness, exquisite courtesy and infinite patience which characterized his whole life, or to bestow upon his aged mother and invalid wife that tender, loving care the memory of which is a precious legacy to every American citizen.

The world is better because William McKinley lived in it, and mankind is lifted to a higher plane in contemplation of his example in the face of death.

Time will not dim the lustre of his achievements, but in the ever-lengthening vista of receding years the figure of William McKinley will stand forth more and more prominent in his country's history.

The light of a life, so pure, so loving, and so in touch with our common humanity will shine forever and influence for good the government of nations, and the character of men, until onward years shall cease to roll, and time into eternity shall merge.



Courtesy, The Courtney Studio,
Canton, Ohio.

THE McKINLEY MONUMENT, CANTON, OHIO.
(Rear view.)

THE BODIES OF McKINLEY AND MRS. McKINLEY
REST IN A TOMB OF MARBLE IN
THE INTERIOR.

WILLIAM McKINLEY

MAJOR CHARLES R. MILLER

This address was delivered at a tri-county banquet at Bellevue, Ohio, held on McKinley Day, January 29th, 1908.

Among the speakers were Judge John H. Doyle and Hubert B. Fuller.

Toastmaster, Sol M. Wolf, introduced the speaker.

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"As thrills of long hushed tone
Live in the viol, so our souls grow fine
With keen vibrations from the touch divine
Of noble natures gone."

We find it written on the pages of our National History that on the 29th day of January, 1843, in the Town of Niles, in the State of Ohio, there was born a son—the father, a furnace master, the mother, a noble Christian woman. We then read of the child rapidly passing from the age of boyhood to that of manhood; his conduct marked only by his observation of the Divine rule: "Honor thy father and mother in the days of thy youth."

Voices of discontent are heard in the land. Grim war stalks about, leaving death and carnage to mark its pathway. 'Tis then, our young man deserts the hearthstone of his youth, to join in the defense of his country's cause. The rapidly shifting scenes of war disclose to our view, a host of tired and hungry men in line of battle. Suddenly a shout goes up! We see amid the shower of shot and shell a wagon laden with provisions winding its way to the front. Antietam was not lost, and the young commissary sergeant was made a lieutenant. Again, in the beautiful valley of

the Shenandoah when General Early had driven back the shattered and broken lines of blue, our young lieutenant was the first to rally and reform the Union lines, that the matchless ride of Sheridan from Winchester might not be in vain. General Early, the victorious, became the vanquished, and our lieutenant, a captain. As the distinguished ex-senator from Nebraska has so beautifully said:

"The years that others gave to educational pursuits he gave to his country. His Alma Mater was the tented field. He graduated in a class of heroes. His diploma bears the same signature as does the Emancipation Proclamation."

Enlisted a private, honorably discharged a major, our young man, now in the fullness of manhood, takes up the duties of peace.

In the halls of the Nation's Congress we hear his voice raised to advocate the cause of our national development, independence and honor, but no voice in all the land is raised to question his fair name.

Then a national gathering of the great men of the Republican party is called, and we next see our hero silently treading the wine-press alone, shaping into words the loyal thoughts which enabled him to say:

> "I cannot consistently, with my own views of my personal integrity, consent or seem to consent, to permit my name to be used as a candidate before this convention; I could not respect myself if I could find it in my heart to do, or permit to be done, that which could be proven as a suspicion that I wavered in loyalty to Ohio, or my devotion to the chief of her choice, and the chief of mine. I do request, I demand that no delegate who would not cast reflection upon me, shall cast a ballot for me."

The thrill of those electrical words, which marked the greatness of him who was great enough to thrust aside ambition, that his loyalty and purity might not be questioned, had scarcely ceased, when we find him at Atlanta, boldly calling upon the men of the South to aid in maintaining the principles of protection. Summoned from Atlanta to the sickbed of a wife, to whom his devotion had been without precedent, he again throws aside ambition and political prominence, that he might nurse her back to life.

Rapidly the years now pass and more quickly the scenes are shifted. Defeated for Congress, but nominated and elected Governor of Ohio, and permanent chairman of the great convention at Minneapolis, and again the scenes of Chicago are repeated. His triumphal tour from state to state that fall was without a parallel in our history. Again nominated for Governor and elected by a phenomenal majority, and we are led up to the crowning event, the St. Louis Convention.

Can one ever forget the mighty wave of applause which echoed and re-echoed throughout that vast hall, reaching every portion of our land, when the senator from Ohio let fall the name of him of whom we speak? Was there ever another such a campaign? Visiting delegations without number, each greeted by the man of the hour, with voice so quiet and speech so masterful, that the pulse of the nation became quiet and soon beat in unison with him. Labor was not crucified upon a cross of gold, but our factories were re-opened giving employment to our own people and the silver of the world was coined at home.

In the four preceding years the memory of which now lingers as an unpleasant dream, factories became

silent, investments shrank, pale faced men walked the streets in search of employment, young heads became prematurely white, whole families went hungry to bed, and homes and reason were lost, but the factories of Europe were busy, and fleet ships landed on our shores the products of foreign factories that our own people should have made. Distress and want were everywhere.

A patient and long suffering people spoke in no uncertain voice, and our hero, who had always advocated the cause of national development, independence and honor, was elected President. Congress was convened in 15 days after his inauguration, and in spite of an adverse majority in the Senate the Dingley Tariff Bill was passed. The fires were re-kindled in the factories, capital was reassured, men no longer went hungry to bed, and faith again heard the rustling of returning prosperity. Everywhere men became happy in their employment; the music of the shuttle as it traveled back and forth, made harmony with the deep and ponderous bass of the steam hammer, and the only cloud upon the horizon was the smoke from the busy furnaces and factories. The business world became active with new enterprise. Railroads were rebuilt and new lines projected. The silence of the night was broken by the rolling of vast caravans of freight on their way to the seaboard for shipment to foreign markets, and the promises to the American people were redeemed.

Then came the Spanish War. Cuba was liberated from the domination of an effete monarchy. Porto Rico became a happy and prosperous country, dotted all over with American school houses. Anarchy and insurrection were suppressed in the Philippines and

the largest measure of civil government possible established.

Next came the Chinese insurrection, and the United States, first to scale the walls of Peking, was the first to dictate the policy of retirement, and through its invincible arms and matchless diplomacy became a world-wide power, and the markets of the world were open to the products of our manufactories.

No other executive since the time of Lincoln has been called upon to confront so many and difficult problems, and no executive in our history has handled the problems of his administration with more skill and masterful tact and Christian spirit, than he of whom we speak. Surely peace, contentment, and happiness seemed about to dawn upon our people, for, as was said at Buffalo, "Our victories, however great in war, were none the less in peace." That splendid review of the past and magnificent pronouncement of a policy for the future, which now reads, in the light of subsequent events, as a benediction, had scarcely been completed when the assassin's bullet struck down its author, the most universally beloved of all the nation.

All the world stood still and prayed that this cup might pass from us, but it was God's way, and President McKinley passed from among us. A kindly Christian gentleman, a great statesman, a patriotic citizen, a man of the people, a man among men, dying as he lived, "in the fear of the Lord," passed to his reward.

Never before in the history of nations had mankind so universally mourned. Never before did men so universally join in the singing of a Christian hymn. Never before had the great nations of the world stood still, as a coffin was carried to the grave.

We may not be permitted to part the curtains of the future and see what Providence has in store in the forward movement of nations, for this great people, united as never before by the death of a great President, but whatever it may be, it is safe to predict that our flag will be found in the van, but little lower than the cross.

We thank God for the life that has been lived, for the example that has been set, for the friendship that has been formed, for the memory that remains, and for that other great son of the nation who has the courage of conviction to carry out the principles and policies of the dead—that William McKinley may live forever in the hearts of his countrymen.

spirit. It is not given to many of us in our lives actually to realize this attitude to the extent that he did; but we can at least have it before us as the goal of our endeavor, and by so doing we shall pay honor better than in any other way to the memory of the dead President whose services in life we this day commemorate.

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(Front view.)

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No member of the United States Senate from Pennsylvania has ever achieved a position of more commanding power and influence in that body, more faithfully supported the principles and policies of William McKinley, than the present chairman of the Committee on Finance, our modest, senior senator, your guest of honor tonight, Boies Penrose.

William McKinley devoted many weary nights and days and months to the preparation of his tariff bill. He submitted to the House an elaborate report, explaining, in great detail, all its provisions. Upon the floor of the House there was almost endless discussion of the bill and scores of amendments were offered.

In the present Congress our Democratic friends forced through the House a bill affecting billions of capital, millions of workingmen, and many millions of government revenues. It had been hastily thrown together. There was no committee report explaining its provisions. It was jammed through the House under a special rule which out-Reeded Reed and out-Cannoned Cannon.

It allowed only two hours to either side for debate and permitted no amendments whatever to be offered. That bill embraced the cotton schedule, the steel and iron schedule, and the chemical schedule. Let

me illustrate its crudeness by a single instance. We have had for many years an internal revenue tax of $1.20 per gallon upon distilled spirits or proof alcohol. To protect that we have an import duty of $2.25 per gallon, and upon some compounds containing alcohol, even higher duties. Forgetting all about the internal revenue, our Democratic statesmen in their bill reduced the import duties in certain paragraphs in the chemical schedule, so that the government would have lost the internal revenue while the American manufacturer would have been driven out of business and thousands of employes thrown out of work, because the internal revenue tax upon his products manufactured here would have been in many instances more than 10 times the tariff imposed upon his importing competitor.

The tariff bills passed by the Democrats at the extra session of Congress were so carelessly drawn that in many particulars there was great uncertainty as to what articles were covered by their provisions and no living expert could estimate their effect upon the revenues. They were tariff bills for politics only, and there was so much of that article injected into some of their provisions that it was thought by some that the President would not dare refuse to sign them. Fortunately we have in the White House another noble son of Ohio, who puts principle above political or personal advantage, and just as those monstrosities of legislation would have been vetoed by William McKinley they were vetoed by our wise and patriotic President, William H. Taft.

President McKinley would have vetoed the provision for the recall of judges, just as President Taft vetoed it in the case of Arizona. He had great respect for our courts and believed in maintaining their inde-

pendence. He never would have agreed that they should be placed in a position of constant fear of offending corporate managers or political bosses, requiring them to trim their sails and adjust their decisions to temporary gusts of popular favor.

Taking advantage of the popular sentiment in favor of so amending the federal constitution as to provide for the election of United States senators by direct vote of the people, the Democrats in Congress, controlled by the south, have inseparably interwoven with that proposition another amendment taking away the power which, from the foundation of this government, has been vested in Congress, to regulate the election of both senators and representatives. President McKinley would not have agreed to that. He agreed with Thomas Jefferson that the nation which has not the right to preserve the purity and freedom of election of its highest legislative body may easily be dissolved; and as far back as 1879 he declared that, 'If the Constitution is to be ignored; if free and honest elections can not be held everywhere throughout the country, free government is as effectively overthrown as if it had been done by the sword.' The Democratic measure now pending proposes not merely to ignore, but absolutely to repeal, that constitutional provision. President McKinley, if he were here now, would certainly favor the Bristow amendment, which limits the change in the Constitution to a simple provision for the election of senators by the people, leaving to Congress the power it already has to protect those elections from fraud and corruption.

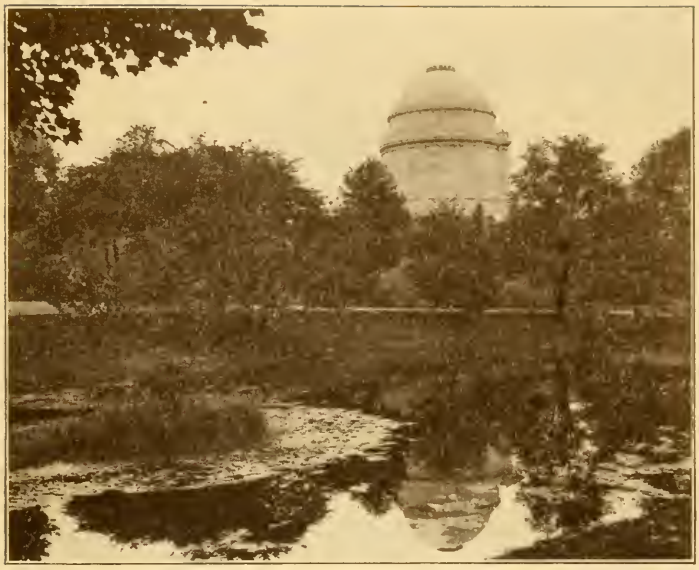
If we except Washington and Lincoln, there has been no president under whose administration so much of history was made as that of William McKinley. The

map of the world was changed. The flag was planted in another hemisphere, there to remain the symbol of law, of progress, and of peace, and to wave in blessing over peoples who had long been oppressed. Hawaii and Tutuila were annexed. As a result of the war with Spain, we acquired Porto Rico, the Philippines and Guam, and Cuba was set free. Difficult and delicate international questions of the utmost importance were handled with consummate skill and wonderful success. The task of tranquillizing and governing our new possessions was successfully accomplished. During these strenuous times the eight-hour law, which he had advocated in Congress, did not apply to the president, whose labors frequently continued beyond the midnight hour. None who knew him in those trying days can ever forget that in the midst of his cares and troubles and responsibilities he never for one instant failed to display the wonderful gentleness, exquisite courtesy and infinite patience which characterized his whole life, or to bestow upon his aged mother and invalid wife that tender, loving care the memory of which is a precious legacy to every American citizen.

The world is better because William McKinley lived in it, and mankind is lifted to a higher plane in contemplation of his example in the face of death.

Time will not dim the lustre of his achievements, but in the ever-lengthening vista of receding years the figure of William McKinley will stand forth more and more prominent in his country's history.

The light of a life, so pure, so loving, and so in touch with our common humanity will shine forever and influence for good the government of nations, and the character of men, until onward years shall cease to roll, and time into eternity shall merge.



Courtesy, The Courtney Studio,
Canton, Ohio.

THE McKINLEY MONUMENT, CANTON, OHIO.
(Rear view.)

THE BODIES OF McKINLEY AND MRS. McKINLEY
REST IN A TOMB OF MARBLE IN
THE INTERIOR.

WILLIAM McKINLEY

MAJOR CHARLES R. MILLER

This address was delivered at a tri-county banquet at Bellevue, Ohio, held on McKinley Day, January 29th, 1908.

Among the speakers were Judge John H. Doyle and Hubert B. Fuller.

Toastmaster, Sol M. Wolf, introduced the speaker.

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"As thrills of long hushed tone
Live in the viol, so our souls grow fine
With keen vibrations from the touch divine
Of noble natures gone."

We find it written on the pages of our National History that on the 29th day of January, 1843, in the Town of Niles, in the State of Ohio, there was born a son—the father, a furnace master, the mother, a noble Christian woman. We then read of the child rapidly passing from the age of boyhood to that of manhood; his conduct marked only by his observation of the Divine rule: "Honor thy father and mother in the days of thy youth."

Voices of discontent are heard in the land. Grim war stalks about, leaving death and carnage to mark its pathway. 'Tis then, our young man deserts the hearthstone of his youth, to join in the defense of his country's cause. The rapidly shifting scenes of war disclose to our view, a host of tired and hungry men in line of battle. Suddenly a shout goes up! We see amid the shower of shot and shell a wagon laden with provisions winding its way to the front. Antietam was not lost, and the young commissary sergeant was made a lieutenant. Again, in the beautiful valley of

the Shenandoah when General Early had driven back the shattered and broken lines of blue, our young lieutenant was the first to rally and reform the Union lines, that the matchless ride of Sheridan from Winchester might not be in vain. General Early, the victorious, became the vanquished, and our lieutenant, a captain. As the distinguished ex-senator from Nebraska has so beautifully said:

"The years that others gave to educational pursuits he gave to his country. His Alma Mater was the tented field. He graduated in a class of heroes. His diploma bears the same signature as does the Emancipation Proclamation."

Enlisted a private, honorably discharged a major, our young man, now in the fullness of manhood, takes up the duties of peace.

In the halls of the Nation's Congress we hear his voice raised to advocate the cause of our national development, independence and honor, but no voice in all the land is raised to question his fair name.

Then a national gathering of the great men of the Republican party is called, and we next see our hero silently treading the wine-press alone, shaping into words the loyal thoughts which enabled him to say:

> "I cannot consistently, with my own views of my personal integrity, consent or seem to consent, to permit my name to be used as a candidate before this convention; I could not respect myself if I could find it in my heart to do, or permit to be done, that which could be proven as a suspicion that I wavered in loyalty to Ohio, or my devotion to the chief of her choice, and the chief of mine. I do request, I demand that no delegate who would not cast reflection upon me, shall cast a ballot for me."

The thrill of those electrical words, which marked the greatness of him who was great enough to thrust aside ambition, that his loyalty and purity might not be questioned, had scarcely ceased, when we find him at Atlanta, boldly calling upon the men of the South to aid in maintaining the principles of protection. Summoned from Atlanta to the sickbed of a wife, to whom his devotion had been without precedent, he again throws aside ambition and political prominence, that he might nurse her back to life.

Rapidly the years now pass and more quickly the scenes are shifted. Defeated for Congress, but nominated and elected Governor of Ohio, and permanent chairman of the great convention at Minneapolis, and again the scenes of Chicago are repeated. His triumphal tour from state to state that fall was without a parallel in our history. Again nominated for Governor and elected by a phenomenal majority, and we are led up to the crowning event, the St. Louis Convention.

Can one ever forget the mighty wave of applause which echoed and re-echoed throughout that vast hall, reaching every portion of our land, when the senator from Ohio let fall the name of him of whom we speak? Was there ever another such a campaign? Visiting delegations without number, each greeted by the man of the hour, with voice so quiet and speech so masterful, that the pulse of the nation became quiet and soon beat in unison with him. Labor was not crucified upon a cross of gold, but our factories were re-opened giving employment to our own people and the silver of the world was coined at home.

In the four preceding years the memory of which now lingers as an unpleasant dream, factories became

silent, investments shrank, pale faced men walked the streets in search of employment, young heads became prematurely white, whole families went hungry to bed, and homes and reason were lost, but the factories of Europe were busy, and fleet ships landed on our shores the products of foreign factories that our own people should have made. Distress and want were everywhere.

A patient and long suffering people spoke in no uncertain voice, and our hero, who had always advocated the cause of national development, independence and honor, was elected President. Congress was convened in 15 days after his inauguration, and in spite of an adverse majority in the Senate the Dingley Tariff Bill was passed. The fires were re-kindled in the factories, capital was reassured, men no longer went hungry to bed, and faith again heard the rustling of returning prosperity. Everywhere men became happy in their employment; the music of the shuttle as it traveled back and forth, made harmony with the deep and ponderous bass of the steam hammer, and the only cloud upon the horizon was the smoke from the busy furnaces and factories. The business world became active with new enterprise. Railroads were rebuilt and new lines projected. The silence of the night was broken by the rolling of vast caravans of freight on their way to the seaboard for shipment to foreign markets, and the promises to the American people were redeemed.

Then came the Spanish War. Cuba was liberated from the domination of an effete monarchy. Porto Rico became a happy and prosperous country, dotted all over with American school houses. Anarchy and insurrection were suppressed in the Philippines and

the largest measure of civil government possible established.

Next came the Chinese insurrection, and the United States, first to scale the walls of Peking, was the first to dictate the policy of retirement, and through its invincible arms and matchless diplomacy became a world-wide power, and the markets of the world were open to the products of our manufactories.

No other executive since the time of Lincoln has been called upon to confront so many and difficult problems, and no executive in our history has handled the problems of his administration with more skill and masterful tact and Christian spirit, than he of whom we speak. Surely peace, contentment, and happiness seemed about to dawn upon our people, for, as was said at Buffalo, "Our victories, however great in war, were none the less in peace." That splendid review of the past and magnificent pronouncement of a policy for the future, which now reads, in the light of subsequent events, as a benediction, had scarcely been completed when the assassin's bullet struck down its author, the most universally beloved of all the nation.

All the world stood still and prayed that this cup might pass from us, but it was God's way, and President McKinley passed from among us. A kindly Christian gentleman, a great statesman, a patriotic citizen, a man of the people, a man among men, dying as he lived, "in the fear of the Lord," passed to his reward.

Never before in the history of nations had mankind so universally mourned. Never before did men so universally join in the singing of a Christian hymn. Never before had the great nations of the world stood still, as a coffin was carried to the grave.

We may not be permitted to part the curtains of the future and see what Providence has in store in the forward movement of nations, for this great people, united as never before by the death of a great President, but whatever it may be, it is safe to predict that our flag will be found in the van, but little lower than the cross.

We thank God for the life that has been lived, for the example that has been set, for the friendship that has been formed, for the memory that remains, and for that other great son of the nation who has the courage of conviction to carry out the principles and policies of the dead—that William McKinley may live forever in the hearts of his countrymen.

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